THE

# MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

*APRIL*, 1803.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE MR. ROGER KEMBLE, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY BEACH.

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London:
PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,
By J. Wright, No. 20, Denmark-Court, Strand,
And published by VERNOR and HOOD in the Poultry;
Sold, also, by all the Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

1803.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

††† The portrait of Mr. Braham is again unavoidably postponed. A fine likeness of the late Mr. Roger Kemble is substituted this month in its room.

We repeat our best thanks to Q. Z.

URSULA (*Melton Mowbray*) does not complain without cause. To some of the articles in the indictment we plead guilty; but we could find many flaws, were it necessary; and several of the charges would be voted frivolous and vexatious, if fairly examined. In reply to some of the objections, we could offer very satisfactory explanation, if to explain we were at liberty. We take Ursula's letter, however, in very good part, and are perfectly well satisfied with the candour and good temper with which the remonstrance has been conducted.

We have recovered the translation sent to us by L. which had been mislaid, and wish we could introduce it into our miscellany.

Detector (*Scotland*) appears in the present number.

The prologue communicated by G. W. L. is too generally known, and has appeared in several publications; but we thank our correspondent for the trouble he has taken.

*The Lines occasioned by the Death of the late Dr. Hunter,* are too incorrect for insertion.

The article respecting the *Sun's Heat* in our next.

A constant reader and admirer shall soon be gratified.

ERRATA.

In the last number—In the Sonnet to the Moon, line 8, for "My couch" read "Thy couch."

In the present number—In the review of a letter on the subject of the Nottingham election, for Mr. Robert Worsted-spinner Arnold, read Robert Arnold, Worsted-spinner.

THE

# MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

*APRIL*, 1803.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

## THE LATE MR. ROGER KEMBLE.

*With a Portrait.*

MR. ROGER KEMBLE, the subject of our present notice, and the father of our great ornaments of the modern stage, descended from a very respectable family of that name in Herefordshire, which, though subject to vicissitudes of fortune, can be traced back to a very remote period of our history. Mr. Kemble received his education, if we are rightly informed, at a very respectable seminary near Hereford, where he attained a competent proficiency in the usual knowledge inculcated in grammar schools; and being a favorite of his master, was able to make some progress in the Latin tongue: but the circumstances of his family not affording hopes, that, if he was sent to the university, and embellished with a literary education, his relations would have interest enough to procure any distinguished patron that might assist his ambition, and impart lustre to his natural endowments and classical attainments; his father took him from school at the usual period when boys are thought fit for business, and placed him in some ordinary calling.

From a very early period Mr. Kemble discovered a great attachment to the wandering tribes of Thespis, who occasionally "strutted their hour" in some neighbouring barn, as they could obtain toleration from the magistrates; and at length, soon after his apprenticeship commenced, hinted to his father his inclination to try whether he could figure, as a hero, among the lively band of rambling actors, who had so far bewitched his inexperienced mind. A decisive negative was all he could gain from his father on this subject; and therefore he reluctantly determined not to violate his filial duty, or trespass upon the obedience which he owed to his master, but to wait till his articles expired, when, he conceived, he should be fully at liberty to pursue the bent of his own humour. With a commendable regard to the feelings of his relations, and a diligent discharge

of his duty to his master, he remained quietly in this state till the term of his apprenticeship elapsed.

When this joyful period arrived, he made many overtures to the managers of such theatrical troops as occasionally quartered in that vicinity: but as his time had been too industriously employed to admit of his devoting much attention to the profession in which he was so anxious to engage, he was not what the actors call *studied* in any one part; and in the few specimens of single speeches which he rehearsed before those *awful* judges, his timidity entirely surmounted his abilities, and he was counselled, by most of them, to mind his business, and considered as one who, according to the satirical poet,

"Inclination fondly takes for taste."

At last, however, upon a very small salary, and to occupy the most inferior parts of the drama, he was engaged by Mr. Ward, the manager of a strolling company, but a very excellent actor, who had made a respectable figure on the London stage during the times of Betterton and Booth. Young Kemble possessed a manly figure, and a very handsome as well as expressive face, which appeared in so favourable a light to Miss Ward, the daughter of the manager, who soon captivated the affections of Mr. Kemble, that an elopement took place, and a stolen marriage was immediately the consequence. Mr. Ward, at first, highly disapproved of this union; but as his new son-in-law gave proofs of a good understanding, and a prudent disposition, his anger soon softened; and he became, afterwards, very partial to Mr. Kemble, augmenting his salary, and elevating his rank in the theatrical scale.

At the death of Mr. Ward, the management of the company devolved to Mr. Kemble, who, for many years, conducted it with great propriety, and brought up a large family, all of whom, from a conviction of the precarious nature of a theatrical life, he was anxious to keep from the stage. Nature, however, is too powerful for parental authority; and all his children, after a short trial in other callings, determined on the stage: and as they have attained so distinguished a rank in the profession, the public have reason to be satisfied that the parental voice was disregarded.

The abilities of Mr. Kemble were, as his situation required, exercised in every variety in the drama, from Alexander the Great to Abel Drugger; but it was generally thought that his genius lay towards comedy, in which he was indeed a very respectable performer. His Falstaff has been often praised by very judicious critics; and it

was always acknowledged that he perfectly understood the compass and niceties of his author; and having a thorough knowledge of the human character, he generally conveyed the satirical parts of the text with peculiar dryness of humour, which always, to use a stage term, *told* with the audience. It should be mentioned also that Mrs. Kemble was a very good actress in both tragedy and comedy: she possessed a commanding and handsome person, sustaining the *buskin* with dignity, and the *sock* with ease. It hardly need be observed that Mrs. Siddons, Mr. John, Mr. Stephen, and Mr. Charles Kemble, as well as Mrs. Whitlock and Mrs. Twiss, late Miss Kemble, of Drury-lane theatre, are the offspring of these venerable pillars of the drama, the talents of all the personages alluded to having sufficiently raised their names and characters into public notice.

When Mrs. Siddons rose to such an height of reputation, and in proportion became so much benefited in fortune by her success in the metropolis, Mr. Roger Kemble and his wife thought they had sufficiently weathered the storms of public life; and therefore, disposing of all their theatrical properties, they sought a quiet asylum in the metropolis for the remainder of their lives.

Mr. Roger Kemble died on Monday morning, Dec. 6, at the age of 82. Mrs. Kemble survives him, and enjoys as good a state of health as can be expected at so advanced a period of life.

## IDLE HOURS.

### Number V.

> Let courtly bards in polish'd phrase indite
> Soft madrigals, to celebrate the fair;
> Or paint the splendor of a birth-day night,
> Where peers and dames in shining robes appear;
> The task be mine neglected worth to raise,
> Alas! too often found in these degen'rate days.
>
> *Wm. Vernon.*

Sad and joyless are the days of unbefriended genius. The man of business, and the man of pleasure, may meet with friends, because there are thousands engaged in the same pursuits, whose interest and whose passions point to the same mark: but the man of genius is a solitary being, in the great crowd of society, where he is at once applauded and shunned, admired and neglected. His pains and his pleasures are derived from sources different from those of the world;

he has few, therefore, who can sympathise with him, and fewer still who can receive gratification. He is often condemned to toil at some mercenary profession with a mind that cannot descend to the petty chicanery of commerce, and that flies with abhorrence from the "oft calculated page," to revel with increased fondness in the visions of imagination. Hence that irregularity and dissipation which are frequently attached to the literary character; but it must not be inferred, that those actions are consonant to the nature of men of genius, which are only a shelter from their cares.—There are times when books have lost their relish, when the mind turns in vain to its own resources, and when nothing is acceptable but society. In such hours we rush into the first company that will receive us, enter with alacrity into the most contemptible amusements, and forget both the folly and the vice of our companions in their mirth. Here we laugh without constraint at the censure and malignity of the world, and declaim aloud against the pride and oppression of the arrogant and the unfeeling. 'Tis here that the man of genius scatters with a daring and careless hand, the sublimest effusions of his fancy, unchecked by the rules of art, and unawed by the pomp of criticism. In gaiety of heart, and the frankness of momentary confidence, he here displays the finest traits of his character, and sketches, in vivid and native tints, the wanderings of a wild and eccentric imagination. But those indulgences are always succeeded by a more fixed reserve, and a more profound melancholy. Numerous, indeed, are the evils which the unpatronized poet has to encounter. The pedant, and the man of little learning, pursue him with their hatred, and view him as a monopolizer of public attention, whose eminence throws them into the shade, and whose fame diminishes their individual importance. The petty versifier, and the imaginary critic, haunt him like the lion's feeder, echo his jokes, applaud his wit, and condemn his style. Weary with the eternal recurrence of their cares, besieged on every side by the envious and malignant, their eyes bent on the temple of refinement, and their feet in the path of the vulgar, let us no longer wonder that the unfortunate men of genius are often driven to seek a refuge in the whirpool of dissipation, or voluntarily to consign themselves to the "land of silence and forgetfulness."

These remarks apply themselves with considerable force to the subject of this paper. William Vernon was born in the year 1733, at Holly-Pool, near Newport, in Shropshire, where his father lived on his own estate; but the latter, going to London either on a journey of business or pleasure, returned in a situation thousands have

returned before—a ruined man! His estate was sold, and his father soon after became a day-labourer in Wolverhampton. His son William was taken by his grandfather, who lived at Cheswardine, where he received, at a common day-school, the greatest part of his education. He was sent for a short time to a boarding-school near that place, from which he quickly ran away, and went to his father at Wolverhampton. Here he was put an apprentice to a *buckle-maker*, a profession *new* in the annals of poetry, and certainly of a most unpromising tendency as the school of a poet. Considerably before he was out of his time, he began to "build the lofty rhyme." He wrote many things for the Universal and Gentleman's magazines, to which he generally affixed his own name. He likewise wrote several prologues and addresses for the provincial theatres.—"A quibbling epilogue, in the character of Somebody, written with a malicious design against Nobody," was originally spoken at a Wolverhampton theatre, by a company which had met with very indifferent success. *Nobody* came to see their performances till after this appeal to the charity of the town, when they flocked in considerable numbers, and the players were well satisfied with their profits—the poet probably with his fame! This piece is now very often spoken by many provincial companies, under similar circumstances. The piece has many good points, and has been honoured with several imitations since its first appearance.

This talent for writing introduced him into several public companies, for whose amusement he used to neglect his profession, and write songs, and was repaid with poet's fare! His clothes began to give him a poet's appearance; and one of his companions suggested it to him, that "he dressed very shabby." This the poet did not forgive. He went the next day and enlisted into his majesty's regiment of the Buffs, and soon after was sent abroad. On his return he collected his poems together, and had them printed in a small volume, to which is prefixed a very respectable number of subscribers. All the officers in the regiment appear to have countenanced their publication. Soon after this he purchased his discharge, and got a situation at a printer's in London, but falling out with his office or his employers, he again enlisted into the same regiment, and soon after was again sent abroad, and—never returned! He was never any thing higher than a common soldier, and continued pertinaciously to refuse all intermediate posts betwixt the private and the officer.

*Wolverhampton.* CIVIS.

[To be continued.]

## DUELS,

### *And a Method of preventing them.*

It seems surprising to many people that no means have been found for puting an end to duels.

The absurdity of the custom has been illustrated a thousand ways without effect.

"You have injured me, Sir, and therefore I insist upon your taking an equal chance of putting me to death."——Or,

"You have given me the lie, Sir. I could easily prove, indeed, that I spoke truth; but as that is nothing to the purpose, I will not take the trouble: but what I do insist upon is, that you shall, by way of reparation, do your utmost to shoot me through the head."—What can be more absurd than all this? Nothing.—But it is not quite a fair statement of the case. The following seems nearer the truth.

"Sir, you have insulted me in such a manner, as will make the world think meanly of me, if I do not resent it. If I have recourse to the laws of my country, the world will think in the same manner of me. Though I may despise both you and the insult, I cannot regulate the opinions of the world; but I will shew that I do not value life so much as I dread disgrace; and I will give this proof, at your risk, who have put me under the necessity."

No severity of law can prevent those from challenging their insulter, to whom the shame of bearing an insult appears more dreadful than the utmost vengeance of law. Accordingly the severest laws have not suppressed the practice of duelling.

But if a court were instituted for the express purpose of investigating the circumstances which gave rise to every duel, with power to punish him who, from wantonness, pride, or malignity, had, to the conviction of the court, behaved in such a manner as would justify a gentleman for having recourse to the only means in his power to efface the affront, perhaps such an institution would have a more powerful effect in preventing duels, than attaching the punishment to the challenger, or survivor, who possibly may be the least guilty.

If such an institution did not entirely abolish the practice of duelling, it would assuredly render it less frequent.

It would also render men more cautious of giving offence, and would bring to public notoriety and shame, all those pests of society who are continually involved in quarrels, whether from an overbearing spirit to insult others, or from a childish disposition to take offence without cause.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

# THE LATE DR. ARNOLD,

[Concluded from p. 151.]

In 1793, on the death of Dr. Cooke, Dr. Arnold was called to the organ of Westminster Abbey. Dr. Horsley, then bishop of Rochester, and dean of Westminster, offered him that situation in so handsome a manner, that, although he declared himself unable to fulfil the duties of the station, on account of his various professional avocations, yet was he requested to accept it on his own terms, and to perform the duty by deputy, whenever his convenience would not allow a personal attendance.

In 1796 he was solicited to become conductor of the annual musical performances at St. Paul's, for the benefit of the sons of the clergy; this office brought with it no emoluments, but he needed no second call when his exertions could tend to the good of mankind, and to the assistance of his fellow creatures. An exemplification of this truth may be found in the innumerable list of charities, for which he gratuitously composed anthems, &c. and when Charity shall plead for her votaries at the gates of Mercy, the subject of these pages will find, that a generous heart and able head have not laboured and bestowed in vain!

Charity, and the love of doing good, was indeed a shining virtue in him, and many rising characters in his own profession, at this day, pay the tribute of gratitude to his name, while they drop the tear of recollection on his grave.

A few years ago he had a fall, when reaching a book in his library, which snapped a muscle near its insertion in the knee, and which, by occasioning a tedious confinement, brought on a long train of disorders, that preyed on his constitution, and undermined a stamina, naturally strong, and doubtless shortened a life which was so valuable and useful.

Among many good qualities, he possessed, in an eminent degree, the manly virtue of independence. Though ever respectful to his superiors in rank, as he was kind to dependants and inferiors in station, yet did he spurn, with a resolution from which arrogance shrunk dismayed, at insolence and pride. Though he began life without the advantages of high birth or fortune, and though he acquired, by the laborious exertion of his talents, a handsome compe-

tency, yet was he never forgetful of the claims of rank or of poverty. To society he endeared himself by strong recommendations. He was, till illness attacked him, the spirit of every table, and exhilaration and conviviality were the natural consequences of his company. Few men have lived more generally beloved, or died more universally regretted.

His last scene was preceded by a long and painful illness; a complication of disorders, which baffled medical skill, subjected him to acute suffering, but he had that within which sustained him at the approach of death, and he experienced those unremitting attentions from an affectionate wife and daughter, which disarmed disease of half its pains, and rendered his awful change easy and tranquil.

He died with resigned composure, his last words breathing the purest sentiments of confidence and devotion, on the 22d October, 1802.

His funeral, was elegant but not ostentatious; it was such as his high character claimed, and the most gratifying honours were paid to his memory. The greatest crowd assembled to see him consigned to his silent retreat, that has been seen for many years at the Abbey: It was doubly numerous to that which collected to witness the pompous interment of Lord Mendip, who was the last buried there. Dr. Smith, the residentiary of Westminster, desired to perform the service. The three choirs of Westminster, St. Paul's, and the King's Chapel, requested permission to attend, and they sung the service and the funeral Anthem, and a new Anthem composed for him by Dr. Callcott; the words, "*I heard a voice from Heaven say, 'Write—Blessed are they that die in the Lord, for they shall rest from their labours.*'" Nothing could exceed the awful grandeur and solemnity of the scene, every body was in tears, upwards of an hundred unbidden friends attending in deep mourning. The crowd was so immense, that the procession was stopped several times in its progress round the Abbey, and during the interment, a mournful stilness prevailed, which indicated the universal regret that followed him.

Those who are interested in his memory, may be interested also for his family. He has left, besides his widow, two daughters and a son. His eldest daughter, had he lived longer, would, ere this, have been united, and we believe will shortly be so, to a gentleman, a member of the musical profession. His second daughter has been some years married to a gentleman in the mercantile line.

Mr. Arnold, his son, is a portrait painter; and his name has also been often before the public, as the author of several successful dramatic pieces, novels, &c. the produce of his leisure hours.

We close this interesting memoir, with observing, that we could with pleasure have enlarged much more fully on the life and character of Dr. Arnold, had we not been informed, that Mr. Arnold, whose portrait of his father is prefixed, is now employed in writing a copious life of the popular character to whom we now bid farewell with respect and admiration.

A pretty accurate list of his works, which are very voluminous, is subjoined.

ORATORIOS.

The Cure of Saul,
Abimelech,
Redemption,
The Resurrection.
The Prodigal Son,
Time and Truth,
Elisha,*
Milton's Morning Hymn. *Never performed.*

ODES.

The Jesuits.
The Haymakers.
On the Queen's Birth-day.
Prince of Wales's Birth-day.
For the London Hospital,
For the Sons of the Clergy.
To Charity, for the Choral Fund,
To Music,
To Night,
To Humanity,
To Harmony.
On Shakspear,
Odes for His Majesty's Birth-day. *Never performed.*

SERENATAS.

Hercules and Omphale,
Apollo,
Theseus and Peleus.

OPERAS.

The Maid of the Mill,
Rosamond,
April Day,
The Castle of Andalusia,
Lilliput,
The Son-in-law,
The Weathercock,
Summer Amusement,
The Agreeable Surprise,
The Dead alive,
Julius Cæsar,
The Silver Tankard,
True Blue,
The Spanish Barber.
The Blind Man,
Tom Jones,
The Prince of Arragon,
Two to one,
Turk and no Turk,
The Siege of Curzola,
Inkle and Yarico,
The Battle of Hexham,
Gretna Green,
The Basket Maker,
The Sixty-third Letter,
Fairy Revels,
Wags of Windsor,
Obi, or Three-Finger'd Jack,
The Corsair,
Juvenile Amusement,
The Veteran Tar,

* Performed at the Haymarket theatre during the Lent season in 1802, with such a degree of applause as added much to his reputation.

OPERAS.

Fire and Water,
Hunt the Slipper,
The Wedding Night,
The Baron,
The Female Dramatist,
The Garland,
Surrender of Calais,
The Mountaineers,
The Shipwreck,
Auld Robin Gray,
Apollo turned Stroller,
Who pays the Reckoning?
The Portrait,
Peeping Tom,
The enraged Musician,
Arthur,
The Maid the Mistress.
New Spain,
Throw Physic to the Dogs,
Children in the Wood,
Cambro Britons,
Italian Monk,
False and true,
The Hovel.

BURLETTAS.

The Magnet,
The Cure for Dotage,
Don Quixote,
The Madman,
Apollo turned Stroller;
Overtures, Concertos, Trios, Canzonets, Single Songs, Catches, Glees, and Lessons for the Harpsichord or Piano Forte, beyond calculation.

IN MANUSCRIPT.

A Treatise on Thorough Bass.
Various Services and Anthems, composed for Public Charities, and for the immediate use of His Majesty's Chapel.

PANTOMIMES.

Rape of Proserpine.
Harlequin and Faustus.
The Genius of Nonsense,
Harlequin Teague,
Hodge-podge,
Mother Shipton,
Here and there and every where.

## ON THE IMPRESS OF SEAMEN.

*With an Anecdote.*

IT has been a matter of the greatest surprise to many well-informed men, that government should not have devised some other means of manning our fleets, than by the cruel method of pressing. It is a practice, notwithstanding all that can be said in its favour, so inconsistent with justice, and so diametrically opposite to the general tenor of our noble constitution, that I am astonished it has not long, ere now, arrested the attention of the guardians of our liberties. What notion must a foreigner form of our much-vaunted freedom, when he sees our women assembled round our mansion-house, with outstretched arms, bewailing the loss of a husband, a son, or a father? or when he hears that our labourers are forced to keep in parties, in order to resist the press-gangs? It should be recollected, that the expences of houses of rendezvous, and the numerous attendant officers, charges, bounties, &c. were estimated, during the American war, at thirty pounds to every man in the navy: and, during the late war, the disbursement was estimated at

fifty pounds per man. Now, if government were to offer a bounty of thirty or forty pounds for every able-bodied seaman, I am confident they could raise, at any time, as many spirited men as the greatest emergency might demand, without having recourse to the odious practice of pressing.

In support of what I have advanced, I shall transcribe a note, which Dr. Franklin wrote with a pencil, in the margin of Judge Forster's celebrated argument in favour of the impressing of seamen.

"I would premise two things. First, that voluntary seamen may be had for the service, if they were sufficiently paid. The proof is, that to serve in the same ship, and incur the same dangers, you have no occasion to impress captains, lieutenants, second-lieutenants, midshipmen, pursers, nor many other officers. Why, but that the profits of their places, or the emoluments expected, are sufficient inducements? The business then is, to find money, by impressing, sufficient to make the sailors all volunteers, as well as their officers; and this without any fresh burden upon trade.—The second of my premises is, that twenty-five shillings a month, with his share of the salt-beef, pork, and peas-pudding, being found sufficient for the subsistence of a hard-working seaman, it will certainly be so for a sedentary scholar or gentleman. I would then propose to form a treasury, out of which encouragements to seamen should be paid. To fill this treasury, I would impress a number of civil officers, who at present have great salaries, oblige them to serve in their respective offices for twenty-five shillings a month, with their shares of mess provisions, and throw the rest of their salaries into the seaman's treasury. If such a press-warrant were given me to execute, the first should be a Recorder of Bristol, or a Mr. Justice Forster, because I might have need of his edifying example, to shew how much impressing ought to be borne with: for he would certainly find that though to be reduced to twenty-five shillings a month might be a '*private mischief*,' yet that, agreeably to his maxim of law and good policy, it '*ought to be borne with patience*,' for preventing a national calamity. Then I would press the rest of the judges; and, opening the red books, I would press every civil officer of government from 50l. a year salary up to 50,000l. which would throw an immense sum into our treasury. And these gentlemen would not complain, since they would receive twenty-five shillings a month, and their rations; and this without being obliged to fight."

The following melancholy anecdote, the effect of pressing, was communicated to me by Mr. B****, proprietor of an extensive

dock-yard.—A young man had served an apprenticeship of seven years to him, during which he had acquitted himself very much to his satisfaction: the young man had formed a tender affection for a most amiable young woman, of his own age, to whom, at the expiration of his apprenticeship, he was to be married. The time for their union was appointed, but, unfortunately, the day before it was to take place, press-warrants were issued—he was dragged from every thing that was dear to him—hurried on board a tender, and next morning sent to the Nore, without so much as seeing his intended wife, or any of his relations. After being in the service all the war, he was paid off about six months ago. He came home, and married the young woman to whom he was betrothed. He applied to Mr. B. for employment, who made him his fore-man. Mr. B. believed him to be as happy and contented as a human being could be; but, alas! his happiness was doomed to be of a short duration: he was again forced away from his beautiful and amiable wife, already six months advanced in pregnancy. The privation of her husband had such an effect upon her, that she miscarried; and, it grieves me to add, that she is now no more. When the death of this amiable young woman was made known to her husband, in a fit of distraction he stabbed himself to the heart, and thus terminated both his miseries and his life.

*P. N. R.* O.

## PLAGIARISM DETECTED.

MR. EDITOR,

PERMIT me, through the medium of your excellent miscellany, to expose to the public one of the grossest plagiarisms obtruded upon it since the appearance of Middleton's well-known work, which the learned editor of Bellendenus so thoroughly detected.

A new translation of Lavoisier's Elements of Chymistry, a few months ago, was published in Edinburgh, said, in the title-pages, to have been executed by Robert Ker, Surgeon, F. R. and A. S. S. Edinburgh, with an additional section by the translator. Upon perusing this section, or chapter, I was not a little astonished to find that the matter and method, even to the minutest arrangements, were borrowed from a work of Mr. John Murray's, of Edinburgh (Elements of Chymistry) published about two years ago.— A closer examination convinced me, that not fewer than thirty-eight pages of the translator's additional chapter are almost an exact

transcript of the "Elements" above-mentioned, some of the sentences being only a little inverted, and sometimes, though rarely, awkward attempts are made to vary the phraseology. Of this any of your readers may be convinced, by comparing the *Additional Chapter* of the translation with the second volume of Mr. Murray's work, p. 226 & seq. It may not be improper to remark, that no acknowledgment whatever is made to the original author.

But this is not all:—Joining to the baseness of plagiarism the absurdity of ignorance, this translator conveys to the world, through the vehicle of the greatest name in Europe, the most palpable nonsense. Thus, in page 181 of "Elements of Chymistry, by Lavoisier," his translator, in the additional chapter, speaking of the mucilage of gum, says—"The oxygenated muriatic acid converts it (gum) to NITRIC *acid!!*" As well might it be thus converted to bottled porter. Though I had already formed my opinion of the merits of this translator, I was a little surprised to find such a glaring absurdity in a work bearing to be the production of a member of the Scotish Royal Societies. But upon looking into Mr. Murray's work (page 232) I found the sentence already quoted to have been nearly transcribed from it. Upon turning to the errata of this gentleman's Elements, I found *nitric* to be an error of the press, for *malic*, or, more properly, *citric* acid. This, it would appear, the *learned* coadjutor of Lavoisier had entirely overlooked.

Next in utility to the dissemination of useful truths, is the detection of error and imposture. We have laws against the pilferers of petty effects; it were to be wished that some punishments were devised against the plunderers of literary property. In the mean time, the publication of this, if it have not the effect of putting down future plagiarisms, may be useful in preventing the world from being misled by the authority of the great name of Lavoisier.

DETECTOR.

## PETRARCH.

PETRARCH, the lover of Laura; one of the most celebrated of the Italian poets; the restorer of the language; the rescuer of the remains of Roman and Greek literature;—Petrarch disdained not to write upon the Itch. It is in his excellent ethic work, "De remediis utriusque Fortunæ," that he treats on this strange topic. Of these books, the first is directed to temper and moderate the insolence of joy. In the second book he endeavours to muster the

whole host of human woes, and to present such consolations as may strengthen and bear up the weakness of humanity under any one of them. The itch is one of the ills for which he offers consolation. Some of his topics are here sufficiently diverting. "Rather than painful," says he, "the itch is by many persons accounted exceedingly pleasing. It will serve to awaken you in the night better than either clock or watchman: if the disease be dirty and shameful, so are not the remedies by which it is to be cured; for what can be preferable to exercise, the bath, *temperance* in sleep and diet? Hands bearing the marks of this disorder may *appear disgraceful*; but that *patience* which endures it without fretfulness is *highly honourable*. It may be vexatious to have the whole body covered over with this cutaneous distemper; but, alas! how little do we concern ourselves for the cure of those more grievous distempers of our mind, avarice, ambition, the thirst of revenge, and all the kindred train of inordinate passions!"

## SELECT SENTENCES.

Some men use no other means to acquire respect than by insisting on it; and it sometimes answers their purpose, as it does a highwayman's in regard to money.

If a writer suspects his phraseology to be somewhat familiar and abject, it were proper he should accustom himself to compose in blank verse; but let him be much upon his guard against the style of Antient Pistol.

It is surprising that ancient mythology never represents *Apollo* enamoured of *Venus*, considering the remarkable deference that *Wit* has paid to *Beauty* in all ages. The orientals act more consonantly, when they suppose the nightingale enamoured of the rose: the most harmonious bird, of the fairest and most delightful flower.

Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does from the touch of the finger.

When a person is so *far* engaged in a dispute as to *wish* to get the victory, he *ought to desist*. The idea of conquest will so dazzle him, that it is hardly possible he should discern the truth.

Virtue should be considered as a part of *taste*, and should as much avoid deceit and sinister dealings in discourse, as real wit would do puns, bad language, or false grammar.

*Think*, when you are enraged at any person, what would become of your feelings should he *die* during the dispute!

SOME men are called *sagacious* on account of their *avarice*; whereas a child can *clench its fist* as soon as it is born.

THE vulgar trace your *faults—those* you have in common with themselves; but they have no idea of your excellencies, to which they have no pretensions.

HOW melancholy it is to travel, late and fatigued, on any ambitious project, on a winter's night, and to observe the lights of cottages, where all *un*ambitious people are warm and happy,—or, at least, at rest in their beds: some of them, though, probably as *wretched as princes*, for any thing we know to the contrary.

MAN, in general, may be considered as a machine, and the formation of happiness as his business or employment; virtue his repository or collection of instruments; the goods of fortune as his materials. In proportion as the workman, the instruments, and the materials excel, the work will be executed in the greater perfection.

"SET a beggar on horseback, and he will ride," &c. &c. is a common proverb, and a real truth. The *novus homo* is an *inexpertus homo*, and consequently must *purchase* finery, before he knows the emptiness of it. The established gentleman disregards it, through habit and familiarity.

WE ought not to destroy an *insect*, we ought not to quarrel with a *dog*, without reason sufficient to vindicate us through all the courts of morality.

THE trouble occasioned by the want of a servant, oh! how far *less* than the plague of a *bad* one!—as it is less painful to clean a pair of shoes, than undergo an excess of anger.

GLOWING characters are not always the most agreeable. The mild radiance of the emerald is by no means less pleasing than the flush of the ruby.

INDOLENCE is a kind of centripetal force.

IT is often observed of wits, that they will lose their best friend for the sake of a joke. *Candour* may discover that it is the *greater* degree of their love of fame, not the less degree of their benevolence, which is the cause.

Q. Z.

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE ATMOSPHERE ON *Literary Genius.*

So many eminent men have acknowledged themselves to be mentally affected by the thickness or tenuity of the atmosphere, that one can hardly refuse to admit that there is more in it than mere whim. The preference which Milton gave to particular months is well known. Winter was his favourite season for composition; and though Dr. Johnson, in his eightieth paper of the Rambler, says that "to men of study and imagination winter is generally the chief time of labour," and that "gloom and silence produce composure of mind, and concentration of ideas," yet, in his life of this great poet, he condemns the supposition that the state of the elements can operate upon the mind so as to clog the pinions of fancy, or relax the vigour of judgment. "This dependance of the soul upon the seasons," says he*, "those temporary and periodical ebbs and flows of intellect, may, I suppose, justly be derided as the fumes of vain imagination. The author that thinks himself weather-bound will find, with a little help from hellebore, that he is only idle or exhausted. But while this notion has possession of the head, it produces the inability it supposes. Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes. When success seems attainable, diligence is enforced; but when it is admitted that the faculties are suppressed by a cross wind, or a cloudy sky, the day is given up without resistance; for who can contend with the course of nature?" But this was not always the Doctor's opinion; for in the one hundred and seventeenth number of the work first mentioned, he asserts, as a truth universally known, that "*the faculties of the mind are invigorated or weakened by the state of the body*," and that "*the body is in a great measure regulated by the various compressions of the ambient air.*" Perhaps the gigantic powers of this great author were less subject to these impressions than those of other men. But his assertions, so opposite at different times, lead one to presume he was not completely invulnerable. A slight east wind, that shall run upon heaps the mental scaffoldings of inferior genius, might blow through the strong and well-compacted divisions of the Doctor's brain, almost without discomposing an idea. But if Milton was subject to the "skiey influences," who may hope to escape? Who, setting winds and weather at defiance, shall mount in the very teeth of Eurus; and, disdaining all unpropitious modifications of the elements, wander through the regions of philosophy or imagination, unshackled by the accidents of

* Page 182, vol. 1.

climate, and regardless of the absence of health ? If, then, our first-rate geniuses are comparatively rich men, have felt such tedious interregnums of inspiration from the unfavourable aspect of the heavens, or the want of other elemental combinations, how much more deplorable must be the predicament of that immense mass of subordinate authors who depend on the productions of the head to satisfy the demands of the appetite ? The writer of a saturnine cast may be undone by an ill-timed admittance of the meridian sun, while he, of a lighter complexion, is half annihilated under the turbulent grandeur of a wintry hemisphere. It therefore becomes more particularly incumbent on these subalterns in literature to study the effect of time and place, and ascertain with exactness the wind and atmosphere necessary to set their intellectual machines in motion.— Then, perhaps, the author, a mere automaton in the sunshine of Kensington, may sparkle a brilliant of the first water, when transported to the east of Temple Bar; where the gloom of Bolt Court shall condense his dissipated ideas, and fancy, charmed with the hollow murmurs of the north wind, call up a rich train of images to flutter round his pen. For the spirit of a gayer temperament, on whom azure skies and embroidered vallies act most kindly, if his necessities will not allow him to sleep away the hibernal months, he may ship himself to some island in the southern ocean, and grow immortal in a more congenial latitude.

Were this dependence of authors upon the elements more generally understood, how much might the knowledge tend to mollify the hearts of landlords, laundresses, and all that miserable tribe which infests the *highest retreats* of genius ? If these people could once be taught what degree of aërial density or tenuity was necessary to set their debtor's intellect in favourable agitation, they would then transfer the blame of his non-performance where it ought to rest—on the air and sky ; and, with the simple logic of humanity, pardon the absence of the effect when the cause had not occurred to produce it. An attorney, once in possession of this secret, might often compose himself in his own parlour, certain of worrying the pennyless author to no purpose ; whose landlady, with a little attention to her barometer, might learn to time her demand of payment with success. How lamentable it is, Mr. Editor, that this species of philosophy is not universally inculcated ! Who shall enumerate the irremediable chasms which have been made in an important chain of reasoning, by the abrupt appearance of these vulgar intruders on the solitudes of great men ? What poetical beauties may they not have

destroyed in the very germ? Who shall number the elegant combinations they have ruined, or what happy similes they have stifled in the birth? A member of parliament, supposed to be labouring for the nation's welfare, is exempt from certain duties, and enjoys many privileges above the rest of his countrymen. Should not the venturous investigator of moral truth, or the ingenious creator of imaginary worlds, have his privileges also? The member expatiates on the advantages of a projected canal; the writer labours to impress the dignity of virtue. Is this task less arduous or less noble, that the author should be more exposed than the member of Parliament? more especially is the former worthy of your protection, if you will be so kind to allow that his misfortunes frequently originate from causes which he cannot govern. Good Mr. Editor, try to procure us (for by this time you perceive I am an author) a few similar immunities, and you shall be immortalised; we may then court the Muse, without dreading an interruption to our tête à-tête from that most hideous of all God's creatures, a bailiff; and even when the blasting east howls through our garrets, and drives away the Muse, we shall feel no inclination to suspend our privileged sublimities to the ceilings. Make the attempt, my dear Sir; in the course of the year all sorts of weather will operate on all degrees of authors, and every one shall share his talents to record your praise: amongst the first, depend upon receiving (if the atmosphere be propitious) the grateful effusions of

Your most humble servant,

PETER PARAGRAPH.

## ANECDOTES.

PASCAL.—"See," says Pascal, "the absurdity of mankind. Many men have believed in the miracles of Vespasian, who have appeared to give no credit to those of Jesus Christ."

MARQUIS SPINOLA.—"Pray of what did your brother die?" said this celebrated general one day to Sir Horace Vere. "He died, Sir," replied Vere, "of having nothing to do."—"Alas! Sir," said Spinola, "that is enough to kill any general of us all."

DUELLING.—A greater degree of ridicule was never thrown upon duelling than by the following story, which Dr. Sandilands told to Mr. Richardson, junr.

"Colonel Guise going over one campaign to Flanders, observed

a young raw officer who was in the same vessel with him, and with his usual humanity told him, that he would take care of him, and conduct him to Antwerp, where they were both going, which he accordingly did, and then took leave of him. The young fellow was soon told, by some arch rogues whom he happened to fall in with, that he must signalize himself by fighting some man of known courage, or else he would soon be despised in the regiment. The young man said, he knew no one but Colonel Guise, and he had received great obligations from him. It is all one for that, they said, in these cases. The colonel was the fittest man in the world, every body knew his bravery. Soon afterwards, up comes the young officer to Colonel Guise, as he was walking up and down in the coffee-house, and began in a hesitating manner to tell him how much obliged he had been to him, and how sensible he was of his obligations. 'Sir,' replied Colonel Guise, 'I have done my duty by you, and no more.'—'But, colonel,' added the young officer, faultering, 'I am told that I must fight some gentleman of known resolution, and who has killed several persons, and that nobody'—'Oh! Sir,' replied the colonel, 'your friends do me too much honour; but there is a gentleman,' (pointing to a huge fierce-looking black fellow, that was sitting at one of the tables) 'who has killed half the regiment.' So up goes the officer to him, and tells him, he is well informed of his bravery, and that, for that reason, he must fight him. 'Who I, Sir?' replied the gentleman: 'why I am Peale the apothecary.'"

SALMASIUS.—Salmasius, not contented with attacking Milton's arguments in defence of the execution of Charles the First, attacked the Latinity of his verses. He begins his Apology for Charles the First in this singular manner:

"O ye English, who toss about the heads of Kings as if they were tennis-balls, and play at bowls with crowns, and treat scepters with no more regard than if they were toys!"

MARSHAL SAXE.—To the honour of the humanity of this great general, the following story, told of him by M. de Senac, his physician, should be mentioned. The night before the battle of Raucour, M. de Senac observed his illustrious patient very thoughtful, and asked him the reason of it; when he replied in a passage from the "Andromaque" of Racine,

*Songe, songe, Senac, à cette nuit cruelle,*
*Qui fut pour tout un peuple une nuit eternelle.*

*Songe aux cris des vainqueurs, songe aux cris des mourans,*
*Dans la flamme etouffés sous le fer expirans:*

Think, think, my friend, what horrid woes
To-morrow's morning must disclose
To thousands, by Fate's hard decree,
The last morn they shall ever see;—
Think how the dying and the dead
O'er yon extensive plain shall spread;
What horrid spectacles afford,
Scorched by the flames, pierced by the sword:

" and added, *Et tous les soldats n'en savoient rien encore*—And all these soldiers knew nothing at all of what was to happen."

## *On the ridiculous Consequence assumed from Superiority of Places of Residence.*

So prevailing is the love of superiority in the human breast, that most strange and ridiculous claims are set up for it, by those who have no real merit to offer. It is, indeed, absurd enough to value oneself for bodily perfections, or mental powers, both being totally the gift of the Supreme Being, without the least merit on our part. Nor is that consequence arrogated from illustrious birth at all justifiable, since the proof of possessing it cannot arise higher than probability: all ladies are not Susannas, nor all servants Josephs: but suppose it proved, a good man does not want that addition, and to a bad one the virtues of his ancestors are a standing reproach. A lower kind of importance is frequently assumed, from the excellence of one's domestic animals, such as a fine pack of hounds, staunch pointers, or fleet horses; when the owner and arrogator of their merit has neither bred, chosen, nor taught them, and has had no other concern with them than simply paying the purchase money. How excellently does Dr. Young, in his Universal Passion, delineate and expose a character of this kind!

The squire is proud to see his coarser strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain:
Say, dear Hyppolytus, (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas-tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,

Is that thy praise?—Let Ringwood's fame alone,
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gipsy you commit,
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

But of all ridiculous pretensions to pre-eminence, that arising from the place of one's residence seems the most foolish, and yet nothing is more common, and that not limited to countries, provinces, or cities, but is regularly extended to the different parts of the town, and even to the several stories of a house. The appellation of country booby is very ready in the mouth of every citizen or apprentice, who feels an imaginary superiority from living in the metropolis; and let any one who has seen ladies from London, of the middling order, in a country church, answer me, whether they failed to display a contemptuous consequence, founded on their coming from that city.

London is divided into the suburbs, city, and court, or t'other end of the town, as it is vulgarly but commonly expressed, and again subdivided into many districts and degrees, each in a regular climax, conferring ideal dignity and precedency. The inhabitants of Kent Street and St. Giles's, are mentioned by those of Wapping, White Chapel, Mile End, and the Borough, with sovereign contempt; whilst a Wapineer, a Mile-Ender, and a Borroughnian, are proverbially used about the Exchange, to express inferior orders of beings; nor do the rich citizens of Lombard Street ever lose the opportunity of retailing the joke on a Whitechapel fortune.

The same contempt is expressed for the cits inhabiting the environs of the Royal Exchange, or residing within the sound of Bow Bells, St. Bennet's Sheer Hog, Pudding-lane, and Blow-bladder-street, by the inferior retainers of the law in Chancery-lane, Hatton-garden, and Bedford-row; and these again are considered as people living totally out of the polite circle by the dwellers in Soho, and the opulent tradesmen settled in Bloomsbury, Queen's, and Bedford-squares, in their first flight from their counting-house in the city.

The new colonies about Oxford-street sneer at these would-be people of fashion; and are, in their turns, despised by those whose happier stars have placed them in Pall Mall, St. James's, Cavendish, and Portman-squares.

Thus it is, taking this kind of pre-eminence in a general view; but to descend to a smaller scale. The lodger in the first floor scarcely deigns to return the bow to the occupier of the second in

the same house; who, on all occasions, makes himself amends by speaking with the utmost contempt of the garreteers over-head, with many shrewd jokes on sky-parlours. The precedency between the garret and the cellar, seems evidently in favour of the former; garrets having long been the residence of the literati, and sacred to the muses. It is not, therefore, wonderful, that the inhabitants of those sublime regions should think the renters of cellars, independent of a pun, much below them. Besides the distinctions of altitude, there is that of forward and backward: I have heard a lady who lodged in the fore-room of the second story, on being asked after another who lodged in the same house, scornfully describe her by the appellation of Mrs. Thingumbob, the woman living in the back room.

Polite situations not only confer dignity on the parties actually residing on them, but also, by emanations of gentility, in some measure ennoble the vicinity: thus persons living in any of the back-lanes or courts, near one of the polite squares or streets, may tack them to their address, and thereby somewhat add to their consequence: I once knew this method practised by a person who lived in a court in Holborn, who constantly added to his direction, "Opposite the Duke of Bedford's, Bloomsbury-square."

To prevent disputes respecting the superiority here mentioned, I have with much impartiality, trouble, and severe study, laid down a sort of table of precedency, and marshalled the usual places of residence in the following order, beginning with the meanest.—First then in order, of all those who occupy only parts of a tenement, stand the tenants of stalls, sheds, and cellars, from whence we take an immediate flight to the top of the house, in order to arrange in the next class the residents in garrets; from thence we gradually descend to the second and first floor, the dignity of each being in the inverse ratio of its altitude, it being always remembered, that those dwelling in the fore part of the house take the pass of the inhabitants of the back rooms; the ground floor, if not a shop and warehouse, ranks with the second story. Situations of houses I conceive to rank in the following order: passages, yards, alleys, courts, lanes, streets, rows, places, and squares.

As a comfort to those who might despond at seeing their lot placed in an humiliating degree, let them remember that all but the first situations are capable of promotion, and that the inhabitant of a yard or court, may, without moving, find himself a dweller in a street; many instances of this have happened within my memory: does any one hesitate at the appellation of Fludyer, and Crown streets, Westminster? and yet both these were, not long ago, simply

Ax-yard and Crown-court, and have been lately raised to the dignity of streets, without passing through the intermediate ranks of lanes, &c. Cranbourn-alley has experienced the same elevation; and any one who should chance to call it otherwise than Cranbourn-street, would risk something more than abuse from the ladies of the needle, and sons of the gentle craft, resident there: Tyburn-road has been polished to Oxford-street; Broad-street St. Giles's, to Broad-street Bloomsbury; Hedge-lane, to Whitcombe-street; and Leicester-fields has of late been promoted to the rank of a square.

## EXTRACTS
### FROM SOME
### *DETACHED THOUGHTS OF MONTESQUIEU.*

*Published by M. De la Place, of Brussels.*

"I AM attached to my country, because I like the government under which I was born, without being afraid of it, or expecting any emolument from it. I share equally with my fellow-citizens in the protection which it affords to us, and I thank God that he has given to me a degree of moderation.

"If I knew any thing that would be useful to myself, and at the same time prejudicial to my family, I would erase it from my mind; if I knew any thing that would be useful to my family, but prejudicial to my country, I would strive to forget it; if I knew any thing that would be useful to my country, but prejudicial to mankind, I should look upon it as a crime.

"We are allowed to aspire to the highest situations in our country, because it is permitted to every citizen to wish to be useful to his country. Besides, a noble ambition (when properly directed) is a sentiment very useful to society; for, as the physical world subsists only because every particle of matter tends to fly off from the centre, so the political world sustains itself by the inward and restless desire that every one has to remove from the situation in which he is placed.

"The heroism that sound morality avows has very few charms for most men; the heroism that destroys morality strikes us, and forces our admiration.

"There are no persons that I have ever more completely despised than witlings, and persons of rank devoid of probity."

## YORICK AND ELIZA.

MR. EDITOR,

SHOULD you think the following anecdote worthy of a page in your valuable miscellany, its insertion will oblige a constant reader, and may prove acceptable to the admirers of Yorick and Eliza's Letters; since much doubt has been entertained whether such a correspondence did really subsist or not. Its authenticity may be relied upon, the gentleman alluded to being a near relation, who has repeatedly mentioned it in my presence.

Some time after Mrs. Draper's separation from her husband, being, as was generally acknowledged, a woman of a lively disposition and most engaging manners, her society was much esteemed, and eagerly sought after, though she usually confined herself to a fixed circle of friends; among that number was Captain I———, who, in a conversation with her, respecting the works of Sterne, said, "That copies of letters, asserted to be the correspondence of Sterne and herself, had been shewn to him in England, and he thought those written by her were equal to his, in point of sentiment and tenderness of expression;" to which Mrs. D. equivocally replied, "She had received no letters from Mr. Sterne, neither had she written any to him." Captain I— answered, "that being an enthusiastic admirer of Sterne, he had possessed himself of a fact, which he believed would require all her ingenuity to controvert; for," continued he, "on my way to the ship which brought me to India, I called upon Abraham Walker, the pilot, at Deal, who shewed me Mr. Sterne's letter to him, requesting his attention to certain articles sent directed to his care for your use; I would gladly have purchased the same, but he would neither sell nor permit me to take a copy of it: of course you must have written to Mr. S. before he could have sent those articles, or known Abraham Walker to have been the person you had appointed to take care of them." Mrs. D. laughingly replied, "You deserve the possession of a secret for the pains you take to procure it." The conversation dropped, and she afterwards favoured him with a copy of Sterne's Letters* to her, assuring him that the only motive for denying the correspondence was to avoid impertinent curiosity.

H. T.

* These letters, before his return to England, were effaced by some liquid poured into the escrutoire, (with an intention, as was supposed, to destroy some bonds) a circumstance he ever mentioned with regret.

# REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

QUO MONET QUASI ADJUVAT.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Campbell's Journey from Edinburgh through Parts of North Britain, &c. Continued from p. 28.*

On descending from the eminence, where we have too long left our traveller to lonely contemplation, Mr. C. passes over the small rivulet of Gogar burn, to the shire of Linlithgow, and considering himself on classic ground, is led to notice the following historical incident.

"When Edward I. in 1298, invaded Scotland, in advancing to Falkirk, where he had to encounter Wallace in battle, it was near this spot that he commanded his troops to halt and pitch their tents. A liberal portion of wine was immediately ordered to be distributed throughout the camp. This, however, had by no means the effect intended: on the contrary, no sooner had the fumes of the wine affected the brains of the hot-headed Welchmen, than a quarrel arose between them and the English. The Welch, only recently subdued by Edward, seemed but lukewarm in an expedition planned for the avowed purposes of subjugating a high-minded people, like themselves. Whether the English observed this disposition in their Welch auxiliaries, and loaded them in consequence with reproach, is not ascertained; but mutual hatred produced a bloody contest, in which many fell on both sides; and not a few of the English ecclesiastics, perhaps endeavouring to appease the wrath of the combatants, suffered in the combat.

"Although this event was followed by the Welch troops withdrawing themselves from the main body of the army; yet in the subsequent battle at Falkirk, the English were triumphant. But this blow, so severely felt by the Scotish patriots, subdued not that spirit of independence, which finally prevailed, and which so nobly manifested itself on the day when Bruce led on the heroes of Bannockburn,* and snatched the palm of victory from the merciless invader."

Mr. C. proceeds by Kirkliston and Winsburgh to the palace of Linlithgow, which is beautifully depicted, and a copious account annexed from Pitscottie and Robertson. We are also informed, that the late eminent historian, Dr. Henry, instituted a public library in Linlithgow, and bequeathed his valuable collection of books, as a foundation for so truly liberal a design.

On passing the Avon from Linlithgow, the tourist enters Stirlingshire, and pursues his course through the village of Lauriston.

* See "Robert Bruce's address to his army," by the Ayrshire bard, vol. iv. of his works.

Callander-house next appears, and that singular monument of Roman antiquity, Grime's Dyke.

"Again," says Mr. C. "we tread on ground celebrated in history. On looking over the map of our island, the slightest glance will discover that this isthmus is the narrowest part of Britain. A range of hills, running nearly parallel to the course of the Grampian mountains, extends thoughout the whole breadth of the island. It is the utmost division of this range, known by the name of the Kilsyth, or Campsey-hills, which extends beyond the north side of the isthmus, between the Forth and Clyde;* and pretty much in this direction did Agricola, in his too successful attempt to subdue the Britons, raise his second chain of forts, the vestiges of which may be distinctly traced at this day. In the reign of Antoninus Pius, Lollius Urbicus, commander of the Roman legions in Britain, followed, as some suppose, the chain of forts which had been raised by his predecessor, as forming a check on the incursions of the barbarians, constructed a rampart along this neck of land, which he vainly supposed was impregnable. Tradition reports it, however, to have proved otherwise. Grime, a powerful chief, with a band of desperate Britons, is said to have formed the design of surprising the Roman garrison, posted near to a place now known by the name of Elf-hill. This he actually accomplished; and that valorous achievement is perpetuated by this stupendous piece of art, called Grime's Dyke."

Falkirk affords matter for historical narration, and the iron works at Carron for local description. But what particularly arrested our attention, was the patriotic regret which Mr. C. expresses, at the decay of oak-wood in Scotland. The Sylva Caledonia, mentioned by Pliny and Boëthius, he tells us, can hardly be traced: and unless some speedy and effectual means be fallen upon, to lessen the demand, and to promote the growth of firs and oaks in this part of our island, the period may arrive, he fears, and perhaps is at no great distance, when, to the unspeakable detriment of its inhabitants, these most essential articles may no longer be found. We should hope that the encouragement held out by the society of arts, manufactures, and commerce, might tend to avert the apprehensions indulged by Mr. C. and that the board of agriculture would completely disperse them.

From the village of Larbut, over the forest of Torwood, our tourist proceeds through Bannockburn, where he pays a glowing tribute to the valour of Robert Bruce, and supplies a detailed account of various national events, from the histories of Buchanan and Drummond. From Bannockburn he travels through the village of St. Ninian's to the town and castle of Stirling, the surrounding

* See General Roy's Survey.

prospect from which he describes with rapturous enthusiasm: but as description alone will not satisfy the topographical enquirer, two views are given of the town and castle. To these succeed by far the most picturesque delineation we have seen of the windings of the Forth. From Stirling the road is taken to Callander, passing by several cultivated villas to the mill of Tor. This mill is constructed for the purpose of draining those large wastes called the mosses of Kincardine and Flanders, the mechanical process of which is extracted from Sir John Sinclair's statistical accounts. At Kincardine we are gratified by the following biographical notices.

"Of the eminent men who were natives of this place, Dr. Robert Wallace, the learned author of the 'Population of ancient Nations,' is first among the number. Though Lord Kaimes was not born here, yet, as his ashes repose in this parish, it claims him. He died in Dec. 1782. Philosophy, jurisprudence, criticism, and agriculture, found in Henry Home, Lord Kaimes, a zealous and able disciple. His works are, British Antiquities, Essays on Morality and Natural Religion, Historical Law, Principles of Equity, Sketches of the History of Man, Elements of Criticism, Gentleman Farmer, Loose Hints on Education, &c. As a patriot, he stood eminently distinguished; as a judge he was upright; and as a farmer he was respectable in a degree seldom equalled. Enlightened by extensive prospects of men and manners, he was liberal in his sentiments, and cheerful in his deportment; holding in contempt the narrow prejudices of little minds, while he made due allowance for any casual bias that might dim the lustre of public spirit or private virtue."

On quitting Blair-Drummond, the seat of Lord Kaimes, and passing by Thornhill, a village once too celebrated for the distillation of whisky, after catching several fine views in his route, the author reaches the village of Down, where the *Highlands* present their awful bulwarks, in solemn grandeur and sterile gloom. Here, he informs us, that the soil seems hardly susceptible of vegetation; and were it not for some few spots of verdure, and a few miserable huts, which are met with in passing along, he confesses that any one would feel half inclined to turn back, and proceed no farther. But habit, which almost reconciles to every thing, familiarizes by degrees even to nakedness and sterility, and while curiosity prompts, and some hopes of gratification remain, the traveller is still led insensibly on in pursuit of novelty.

The first Highland village is Callander, in the vicinity of which there is little to attract a stranger's notice, except a Roman camp: but a grand prospect is obtained of Benledi, a mountain computed to be more than three thousand feet above the level of the sea. A

short citation from this part, may, to some readers, prove useful as well as entertaining.

"The lake, river, and mountain scenery of Scotland has been the subject of the warmest admiration. For picturesque beauty and sublimity, the lochs Venuchar, Achray, and Kaitrin, which run in a line, with little interruption, for twenty miles in the direction from east to west, can hardly be exceeded any where. To one who has a relish for nature, retired amid her deepest solitudes, an excursion to these lakes will be amply rewarded.

"From Callander, then, it will be requisite to provide two articles with which we cannot conveniently dispense, namely, provisions and a guide. We cross the Teith by the bridge at Callander, and pass through that part of the village situated on the south bank of the river, turn to the right, and soon fall in with its left branch, which issues from Loch-vana-choir. This stream we trace onward, till the sheet of water from which it derives its origin, opens to view. The margin of this lake, on the left, swells gently into the retiring eminences. On the right, a bold promontory, finely formed, and beautifully wooded, advances into the middle of the water, and rises into a precipice, which escapes the view by means of a nearer ridge, that seems a portion of the southern limb of Benledi, coming forward as a side wing, rugged, steep, and craggy. The fore-ground is the entrance into the wood, that streaks along the northern shores of the lake, which softens off in the distance, and is hid by a remote headland."

Of Benledi, and of the lakes mentioned above, distinct views are given, and magnificent ideas conveyed; but our attention was most forcibly arrested by that gigantic precipice, wooded to the top, and bending over a dark pool in sullen grandeur, which bears the name of Cori-nan-urischin, the den of the wild men. It is a scene that must recal to every artist the romantic solemnity of Salvator Rosa's pencil, and to every poet the congenial fancy of Collins, when he sketched

"Some giant cliff, to heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
Strange shades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy genii guard the rock," &c.

No view is presented to us by Mr. C. of that celebrated pass called the Troshacks, or of the opening into Glen-fin-glas. Perhaps his reason might be, that the former was pourtrayed by Dr. Garnett's travelling associate, and that the latter has been poetically immortalized by the pen of Mr. Walter Scott.

[To be continued.]

*Scotish Descriptive Poems; with some Illustrations of Scotish Literary Antiquities.* *Edinburgh, Mundell*; *London, Longman.* 12*mo.* 1803.

Intent to rescue some neglected rhyme,
Lone-blooming, from the mournful waste of time;

the learned editor of the "Complaynt of Scotland,"* has here presented us with some of the choicest, though most sequestered flowerets of the Caledonian forest. We lament that this selection is likely to be the last offering of national regard which Dr. Leyden will be empowered to present to his poetic countrymen, as we learn that he has taken flight to Asiatic climes, for the attainment of oriental languages, and for the exploration of oriental history. His own preface, indeed, intimates his proposed departure into this voluntary exile, and will convey a more perspicuous account than we can substitute, of the present miscellany.

"The Poems (says Dr. L.) collected in this volume, are chiefly of the descriptive kind, a species of composition in which Scotish writers very early attained a high reputation. As there was little danger of producing confusion, the compositions have been arranged rather according to their length, than according to the age of their authors, or the periods of their original publication. The notes which accompany the poems are chiefly intended to illustrate localities, and obscure allusions. They are not, however, confined solely to his purpose; for in this volume, the editor proposes to himself a two-fold object:—to rescue from oblivion some inedited or scarce poems, which merited a better fate; and to illustrate some facts of Scotish literary history, which were either obscure, or had escaped general notice. To the latter object attention has been constantly paid, not only in the notes, but in the preliminary observations prefixed to the different poems. The editor dismisses this little volume from his hands with mingled pleasure and regret; pleasure, from the recollection of several agreeable hours spent in its arrangement, during the intervals of severer study; and regret at bidding adieu to the investigation of Scotish literary antiquities, a subject which he can never expect to resume."

The "severer study" here mentioned, may perhaps refer to that of *medicine*, before the degree of M. D. was conferred by the university of St. Andrew; or it may allude to a history of Africa, which we are told that the doctor had been busied some time in preparing for the press.

His present publication furnishes an interesting table of contents.

"Biographical sketch of John Wilson, author of Clyde, a poem.

"Clyde, a poem, in two parts.

* See our review for January, p. 34.

"Notes on Clyde, consisting of illustrations of local antiquities; extracts from Don, a poem; from Cleland's poems; from A. Guild's Poemata Latina, &c.

"Remarks on Albania. Aaron Hill's Poetical Address to the original editor of Albania.

"Albania, a poem.

"Notes on Albania, by the original Editor.

"Additional Notes on Albania, containing local and antiquarian illustrations; King Robert's Testament, a poem; extracts from Cleveland on the Scots, and from De Foe's Caledonia; account of the Superstition of invisible Hunting.

"Preliminary observations concerning Alexander Hume, author of the Day Estival.

"The Day Estival, a poem.

"Notes on the Day Estival; consisting of extracts from Carswell's *Foirm na Nurrhuid-headh*, or Forms of Prayer, 1567, in Gaelic and English, chiefly concerning the ancient bards, and poetry of the Scotish Highlanders.

"Preliminary observations on William Fowler, and his poems.

"Fowler's Triumphs of Petrarch, and Tarantula of Love."

Every article in this list is to us entirely new. Though equally attentive to literature, whether under its meridian at Edinburgh or at London; of Wilson's loco-descriptive poem entitled "Clyde," we had seen no specimen; and of "Albania" we had only heard that one solitary copy existed in the hands of Dr. Beattie, who mentioned it, in his Essay on Poetry and Music, as a poem little known. By the indulgence of that true poet and philosopher, the copy which he had treasured up, was imparted for the liberal purpose of reprinting; and it affords a valuable contribution to this selection of Scotish poetry, or we might say, with more propriety, to this selection of English poetry, by Scotish writers. The production is singularly animated and patriotic, and may perhaps have been inspired by the more masterly blank verse of the author of the Seasons, whose earliest edition of "Winter," is marked by a monotonous cadence, a tuneless rhythm, and an unpractised style, which not infrequently distinguishes this nearly coëval performance.

The "Clyde" is a longer and more polished poem, and, as the editor observes, has the merit of unity; a merit in which the greater part of descriptive poems are extremely defective. In describing the course of the river Clyde, the author delineates the various scenes which it presents, and diversifies his narrative by historical allusions, suggested by the particular scenes which he describes. The episodes are frequently interesting, and arise naturally from the

description, though they sometimes attract our attention too much from the principal subject. The rural scenes and occupations are touched by a picturesque pencil; and whether we regard his facility of representing natural objects, or his skill in disposing them, Wilson ranks high as a local artist. He cannot, indeed, aspire to the highest degree of excellence; but the present age, more just to deceased poets than that in which they lived, delights in reviving the fame which had been obscured by the blaze of superior reputation. We extract a short passage, descriptive of the source of Clyde, and morally estimable.

"Along his infant stream, on either side
The lofty hills, in clouds, their summits hide;
In whose vast bowels, treasur'd dark and deep,
Exhaustless mines of lead in secret sleep.
But man, audacious man! whose stubborn pride
Free gifts disdains, and longs for all denied,
Mid central earth bids hardy hands combine
To drag the metal from its parent mine;
Which, forc'd to light, forms the destructive ball,
At whose dire touch, fleets sink, and armies fall;
Seas blush with blood, while floats the crimson field;
Walls sink to dust, to rapine cities yield:
Then, mortals, fear the first of crimes—be wise;—
Prize what Heav'n gives; forbear what Heav'n denies!

The author, soon after, exults with venial pride in that Theocritus of Scotia, Allan Ramsay.

"Let Grecian poets sing, in deathless strains,
Arcadia's mountains green, and flowery plains;
Let them with tuneful gods and shepherds throng,
And lovely nymphs—that native land of song:—
Yet not fam'd Mænalus, great Pan's abode,
Nor fair Cyllene, by sage Hermes trod,
Prouder than Douglas' hills, or Crawford's rise,
Or lift their haughty heads so near the skies:
Nor on her hills or dales Arcadia views
More graceful swains, or dearer to the muse.—
What pastoral bard with Ramsay can compare?
Ramsay! the favourite of the British fair.
And here the poet breathed his earliest strains,
And learn'd to warble love's delightful pains.

The poetical specimens from Hume and Fowler, are of a more antiquated texture, and exhibit that species of crude metre-making, for which prodigious prices are now given, by those who prefer rarity to excellence; and who would rather expend five gui-

neas in procuring a black letter ditty, which they cannot read without disgust, than five shillings in purchasing a modern poem of unquestionable merit. What a lamentable perversion of taste!—and how injurious must be the consequence to those who labour in the fields of lettered speculation! No literary fund will be adequate to support an infirmary which may be fitted for the future reception of book-made mendicants, if so retrogade a preference should spread.

In the notes on the poesy of Hume, a curious tract is presented to the philological antiquary, a citation from the first book printed in Gaelic, and printed at a time when some sturdy cavillers have denied that any book was printed in that language, namely, in 1567. By the politeness of his grace the Duke of Argyle, the editor was favoured with the only complete copy of the work which is known to exist. It consists chiefly of a Gaelic version of Knox's Scotish liturgy, adapted in some circumstances to the peculiar manners of the Highlanders; and it is very remarkable, that Bishop Carswell, the compiler of the work, has prefixed an address to his book, in Gaelic verse, the numbers of which are the same that are employed in many of the Ossianic fragments. What a crust for the Macphersonian critics will this afford!

*A few Plain Reasons why we should believe in Christ, and adhere to his Religion. Addressed to the Patrons and Professors of the new Philosophy. By Richard Cumberland, Esq. Lackington, Allen, & Co.*

THIS is a very valuable tract, and worthy the perusal of every serious Christian, who is desirous of fortifying himself with arguments against the specious attempts at innovation on our religious system.

*A Letter to John Bowles, Esq. on the Subjects of his two Pamphlets lately published, entitled "Thoughts on the late General Election, as demonstrative of the Progress of Jacobinism." And "A Letter addressed to the Honourable Charles James Fox, in Consequence of his Speech in the House of Commons, on the Character of the late Most Noble Francis, Duke of Bedford," &c.*

*A Letter to Mr. Robert Worsted-spinner Arnold. By Mr. Alexander, Attorney at Law, Nottingham. With the Reply of the former thereto. Sutton. Nottingham. Jordan, &c. London.*

WE noticed, in our last, three pamphlets on the unhappy disputes now subsisting, and carrying on with lamentable vigour, in the town of Nottingham. Friends to peace, and in the full enjoy-

ment of harmony in our calm and sequestered habitations, we should rejoice to see an end to the distractions which at present agitate and convulse this populous and commercial town. Still however we perceive internal broils and commotions. The spirit of opposition ranges with gigantic strides. Its colossal hideousness threatens to destroy the tranquillity of the whole county.

In the former of these pamphlets Mr. Davison attacks Mr. Bowles for his wilful misrepresentations of certain facts, in his "Thoughts on the late General Election," with peculiar wit and satire, blended with sound, and, we had almost said, unanswerable argument; although we think Mr. Bowles, in vindication of his character, is bound either to support by *facts*, or retract with ingenuousness, the assertions from which the subject originated.

In the latter pamphlet, Mr. Davison is again the successful literary champion. To conclude with a familiar phrase, this genman's powers of argumentation seem to be "above proof."

*A Letter to the Electors of Nottingham. By John Cartwright, Esq. London,* 1803.

THE author of this Letter is a gentleman long known in the world of politics and of literature, as the champion for "Reform in the representation of the people." The late election at Nottingham, in the neighbourhood of which the benevolent author resides, gave rise to this pamphlet, wherein he enforces his doctrine with considerable acuteness.

*Observations on the epidemical Diseases now prevailing in London, with their Divisions, Method of Treatment, &c. By Robert Hooper, M. D. Resident Physician to the St. Mary-le-bone Infirmary.* 8*vo.* 43 *pp. John Murray.* 1803.

THIS is a seasonable little tract. The method of preventing the influenza, and the mode of cure are equally simple.

*Travels through the Southern Provinces of the Russian Empire, performed in the Years* 1793 *and* 1794. *By P. S. Pallas, Counsellor of State to the Emperor of all the Russias, &c. embellished with many Plates. Translated from the German, without Abridgment. By Francis Blagdon, Esq. Vols.* 1 *and* 2. 12*mo.* 10*s. Royal,* 14*s. Ridgway.* 1803.

THE first and second volumes of the *Travels of Pallas* (which will be concluded in four) form the fifth and sixth volumes of Mr. Blagdon's *Modern Discoveries*, a useful and valuable work, of the

plan of which we gave our readers some account in our number for February.

These travels of Pallas were undertaken by the express permission of Catharine, the late Empress of Russia. The errors and deficiencies in his former travels of 1768 and 1769 (which have never appeared in an English dress) are here corrected, and the alterations pointed out that took place in various parts of the Russian Empire since the last-mentioned period. A more particular description is given of the peninsula of Taurida, or the Crimea, which M. Pallas thought so interesting as to require a second visit.

A translation of the present travels was commenced, on too splendid a scale for general circulation, two or three years back, but only one volume has hitherto made its appearance. Mr. Blagdon, however, states very candidly that "he is not actuated, in his translations, by that spirit of commercial bickering and opposition which generally prevails in trade; his object is elegance and economy united," and we are persuaded that he is rendering a very acceptable service to the public in thus putting within its reach, at a moderate price, and in an elegant shape, a collection of the most instructive travels and voyages which have been undertaken by distinguished foreigners in various quarters of the globe.

The abilities of Mr. Blagdon are fully adequate to this important undertaking. To render the present translation as complete as possible, he has resorted to the best authorities, and consulted the most respectable professors in the metropolis for illustrating the technical terms in botany, mineralogy, &c. The work will contain all the plates contained in the original, which are illustrative of the manners, customs, and ceremonies of the various tribes who inhabit the immense Russian Empire.

We have no doubt that this publication will become extremely popular.

*Poems, by the late Mrs. Charles Mathews, Author of "What has been," "Morning's Amusement," "Lessons of Truth," &c. Dedicated by Permission to the Right Honourable the Countess Fitz William. Doncaster, Sheardown. London, Rivington, Mathews, &c. 12mo. 5s. 1802.*

The author of this little volume, of whose novel called "What has been," we spoke on its appearance in terms of well-merited commendation, died while the poems were passing through the press. They consist of *Odes, Sonnets, Elegies, Ballads,* &c. The epigraph

'*Sad is my song*,' is suitable to their general character, for they are principally of a melancholy cast, and prove the delicate sensibility of the writer's mind. A constitution naturally weak, and the early loss of all her nearest relations, will account for the frame of mind by which the compositions seem to have been governed, and will, at the same time, induce the reader to sympathize more readily with the author's feelings.

Several of the *sonnets* possess considerable poetical beauty, and the '*Elegy on the Deaths of Maria* and *Sarah and Amelia Strong*,' the author's sisters, is plaintive and tender in a very high degree. The short elegy 'on the death of W. Beckford, Esq.' author of the History of Jamaica, and of several interesting articles inserted in this miscellany, is subjoined as a specimen of the writer's genius. For other instances we refer our readers to Vol. III. of the M. Mirror, p. 307, Vol. IV. p. 347, Vol. V. p. 368, and Vol. XI. p. 183.

## ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF W. BECKFORD, ESQ.

### AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF JAMAICA.

HIM whom the *muses lov'd*, and man rever'd;
  Who knew with skilful hand to touch the lyre,
Whose classic-page, on *truth's* firm basis rear'd,
  Breathes the pure ardour of poetic fire!
Him, o'er whose moral lay, I've raptur'd hung,
  Whilst thrilling melody awoke my song:
Whose worth, in woodnotes-wild, I boldly sung,
  Whose song could aye my piercing woes control.
*Of him I sing:* nor scorn my simple strain,
  Ye whom the noble heights of science tread;
The voice which echoes from the lowly plain,
  May raise a tribute to the illustrious dead.
Let Learning rear on high her haughty crest,
  And boast the treasures of Scholastic lore;
Tho' Learning ne'er illum'd my cheerless breast,
  Nor e'er to me display'd her precious store;
Yet, Beckford! o'er thy honour'd tomb I'll weep,
  (Thy worth, thy genius, claims a sacred tear)
Mourn round the spot where "thy blest relics sleep,"
  *While loftier poets consecrate thy bier.*
And oft at blushing morn, and dewy-eve,
  As thro' the woodland glades I pensive rove,
In plaintive tones thy matchless strains I'll breathe,
  Sad as the murm'ring breeze that whispers thro' the grove.

*The anniversary Sermon of the Royal Humane Society, preached at Grosvenor Chapel, April 4; and, with local Alterations, at Holy Roods, Southampton, July 18, 1802. By R. Valpy, D.D. F. A. S. Master of Reading School. 8vo. 1s 6d. Rivington. 1802.*

WE had the pleasure of being among the congregation when this admirable discourse was delivered at Grosvenor Chapel, and can bear witness to the powerful effect which it produced, assisted by the affecting eloquence of the preacher, on the feelings of a very crowded auditory. It is a masterly performance as a composition; the subject is handled with great perspicuity; and the plan and importance of this benevolent institution are explained in a very impressive manner. The text is from the XVII. chap. of the first Book of Kings, v. 22. *And the Lord heard the voice of Elijah; and the soul of the child came unto him again; and he revived.*

On a subject like this Dr. Valpy could not but display an uncommon degree of earnestness and sensibility, since it appears that one of his own children, "apparently dead in convulsions, experienced the happy effects of the resuscitative process."

Dr. Valpy has lately had the honour of presenting a copy of this anniversary discourse to His Majesty.

### DRAMATIC.

*The Reservoir of Wit and Fancy; being a Selection of Stories, Bon Mots, Anecdotes, &c. theatrical and private; forming a Galimaufry of Scraps and Fragments. Arranged, embellished, abridged, and enlarged, by W. Wilde; with some Productions of his own. 12mo. 2s. 1803.*

WE have laughed heartily at this collection, in which there are several whimsical theatrical anecdotes, put together with ingenuity and humour, and which nobody can think too dear at two shillings. The author belongs to the Covent Garden company.

*The Hero of the North, an Historical Play, performed at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane, with unbounded Applause. By Mr. Dimond, Junr. 2s. 6d. Barker. 1803.*

THE observations we offered upon this play, in our Number for February, supercede the necessity of particular criticism on the present occasion.

The Hero of the North is written with considerable energy. Had we space, we would select, as a favourable specimen of the author's powers, the speech of *Gustavus*, in the second act, when he enters from the mines of *Dalecarlia.*

*The Wife of a Million, a Comedy, in five Acts, as performed by His Majesty's Servants, of the Theatres Royal Norwich, Lincoln, and Canterbury. By Francis Lathom.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. *Longman and Rees.* 1803.

THE "Wife of a Million," although too extravagant in her adventures, is still a woman of uncommon spirit and ingenuity.—The plot is well contrived, and the incidents legitimately dramatic. This comedy is far superior to the former productions of the industrious author.

*Authentic Memoirs of the Green-Room, (for 1803) involving Sketches Biographical, Critical, and Characteristic of the Performers of the Theatres-Royal Drury-Lane, Covent-Garden, and the Hay-Market. London.* 12mo. 1s. 6d. *Roach.* 1803.

IT rarely occurs that anonymous publications, like the present, are calculated for any other purpose than to wound the feelings and affections of individuals whom they introduce, by the recital of private anecdote, with which the public can have very little to do.—Calumny and falshood have been the leading features of Green-Room anecdotes for several years: we have therefore seldom contaminated our pages with even a bare announcement of their publication.

We have thought it our duty to premise these observations, in order to separate the little work before us from similar previous specimens. This author seems to have regulated his opinions of public performers by the standard of liberality. Some of his sketches are derived from our work. The public may therefore depend on these as genuine; and we have no reason to doubt the authenticity of the other accounts, which are well written, and afford much novel information. We give the author credit, and indeed praise, for many of his specimens of ingenious criticism; but we think, in one instance, his usual candour has forsaken him. We have no wish to detract from the merits of Mr. H. Johnston; on the contrary, it hath been our object, on all consistent occasions, to give him our best support; still we think the comparison between him and Mr. Elliston extremely unjust, and prejudicial to the latter, without, in any degree, adding to the professional reputation of the former. We ought, however, to make allowances for minor blemishes, where the general merit of the publication is so conspicuous.

The compiler has shewn much judgment in introducing the history of so many of the performers who have but recently visited the London boards.

## THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITAE, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Cicero.*
The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The Representation of TRUTH.

### THE MINISTER—AND THE MANAGER,

OR,

### *The* POLITICIAN *and the* PLAYER.

A recent Scene of Equivoque.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE often thought that there was a wonderful similarity between a prime minister, and the manager of a theatre, and I am now more confirmed in this idea, from overhearing, a few days since, the following conversation between two persons, one of whom I afterwards understood to be Mr. Quidnunc, a jobber in the stocks, and the other Mr. Tag, the player. I had just taken my seat at the Garrick's Head, opposite an elderly man, who seemed very eagerly devouring the contents of a daily paper, when the silence which prevailed in the room was suddenly broken, by the entrance of a person, rather shabbily dressed, who uttered the following exclamation, in a tone that seemed to solicit some notice from the company.

"So it's all settled. The negociation is at an end, and he takes the reins immediately. Waiter—a glass of brandy and water—cold—without sugar."

The word "*Negociation*" appeared to awaken the attention of my opposite neighbour, for, after a short pause, during which Mr. *Tag* adjusted his frill (which by the bye did not merit to be so carefully exposed) at the glass, and the old gentleman, who had laid down the gazette, put his spectacles into the case, the latter hemming two or three times, to give full effect to his rhetoric, commenced the following dialogue.

*Quidnunc.* Nothing more certain Sir. The whole affair was explained in the House last night.

*Tag.* Last night. Why the *Post* announced it a week ago.

*Quidnunc.* That may be; but I am certain no definitive arrangement was made till yesterday. I have it from a particular friend who is in the secret; the great man will come in upon no other conditions; he will have the entire control, or none; and for my part, I think the nation has great reason to rejoice that the affair has terminated in this manner.

*Tag.* I don't see that the nation has much to do with it, but it will, no doubt, throw the two houses into great confusion.

*Quidnunc.* Sir, the town is all in a bustle: it is the subject of general conversation; and there is a talk of other changes of very great importance.

*Tag.* And not without good grounds, I assure you. I know one who goes to the other house immediately.

*Quidnunc.* Why it can hardly be expected, that, after holding a situation of so much trust and honour, he will consent to act under his successful rival. The other house [*looking significantly*] always affords a snug asylum to great men in case of resignation.

*Tag.* Then the systems of the two men are so opposite. Things will be conducted upon a totally different plan, and the whole community, I am told, is in dread of the alterations.

*Quidnunc.* True, Sir, I understand there has been already a great hubbub at the *treasury*. What between the comers-in and the goers-out, the office is in such a state of perplexity, that no one can get his accounts settled. A bill was presented this morning—

*Tag.* I beg your pardon, Sir; the change may possibly prove beneficial to the treasury; and as for its payments, I never before heard any complaint of a want of punctuality in that respect.

*Quidnunc.* Then, Sir, the *Cabinet*——it is so weak——

*Tag.* Weak! Surely, Sir, you must allow that the *Cabinet* has done very well indeed for the treasury, and I am so well satisfied with it upon the whole, that I should be sorry if it were to be entirely laid aside?

*Quidnunc.* Yes, certainly, some who are concerned in it deserve to be retained, and these, strengthened by the new acquisitions, will form a phalanx, against which no opposition can hope to prevail.

*Tag.* And yet the opposition will be very formidable: Sheridan will use every possible exertion, and he, you know, is in " himself a host." The ensuing campaign is expected to be very vigorous, and recruits are raising from all quarters of the kingdom.

*Quidnunc.* War, to be sure, is inevitable, and Mr. Sheridan will, of course, strain every nerve to embarrass the measures of his opponents; but if he has not the people on his side, he will often have the mortification of witnessing a thin house.

*Tag.* " A beggarly account of empty boxes:" true:—the public are, after all, the best friends a man in his situation can have.

*Quidnunc.* But his party is so weakened by the late desertion, that I apprehend he can make but a feeble resistance at best.

*Tag.* Have you heard what salary the new conductor is to have?

*Quidnunc.* That I fancy, Sir, is a fixed thing; and if so, he will enjoy the same salary as his predecessors in office; but the salary is an object of minor consideration; it is the power, the rank, the patronage, which he derives from his patent, that renders the place so desirable. The numerous situations in his gift—

Here *Quidnunc*, whose oratory was growing vehement, was suddenly seized with a fit of coughing, and *Tag*, who had finished his glass, casting his eye on the clock, observed that it was time for him to go to dress for the *centinel* in *Hamlet*; and slipping a bill of his benefit into *Old Square Toes'* hand, as he passed, he wished him a good evening, and expressed a hope to have the honour of ranking *so profound a judge of theatricals* among the number of his friends.

As soon as the politician recovered from the surprise into which this abrupt behaviour of *Tag* had thrown him, he called for the waiter, and muttering a parcel of words, among which I could distinguish the ejaculations, *Pitt!—Centinel!—Stocks!—Cabinet!— Benefit!—Hamlet!*—which seemed to betray a strange confusion of ideas, discharged his reckoning and withdrew. I instantly called for pen and ink, and put down the particulars of the above conversation, which are at the service of the Editor of the Mirror, if he thinks them worthy of a place in so amusing a publication.

SNUG.

## MR. SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPEARE.

### ROMEO AND JULIET.

"Younger than she are happy mothers made."

Capulet's reply to this:

"And too soon mar'd are those so early made,"

makes me suspect that we should read 'married mothers;' the jingle is exactly of that kind so prevalent in these works; thus in As you Like it, when Oliver asks Orlando "What mar you?" which, I suppose, was pronounced "mar'e," or "marye," Orlando replies, "*marry* Sir, I am helping you to *mar* that which heaven made," &c. And in King Henry VI. last part, scene between Gloster and Brackenbury;—

*Glost.* " She may Sir, ay marry may she ?
*Brack.* " What marry may she ?
*Glost.* " Marry with a king."

" The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but *she*."

This line is not in the first copy, and in the quarto, 1609, it runs thus:—

" Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she."

The second Folio has—

" Earth up hath swallow'd," &c.

Perhaps we should read—

" Earth hath upswallow'd," &c.

" She" should at once be made " her," even were it certain that the slip was the poet's own, and not that of his transcriber.

" She is the hopeful lady of my earth."

I believe the meaning is, all my children, except her, are gone into the grave, and when I die, she only will survive to dispose of *my remains*, (i. e. my earth.)

" It is an *honour* that I dream not of."

" Houre," or " hower," the reading of the folios and of the second quarto is perhaps right—it is a *period*, an *occasion* that I have not yet turned my thoughts to. Juliet, in her present state of mind, would neither regard marriage as any honour, really, nor term it so sarcastically ; and, as to the reply of the nurse, if any consistency could be expected in her responses, " hour" seems at least as applicable as " honour."—Hour ! cries she, your wit or understanding is not of an hour's date, it was born with you, and attended you in the cradle ; hour for occasion occurs in Macbeth—

" Time and the hour runs thro' the roughest day."

" This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
" To beautify him only lacks a cover ;
" The fish lives in the sea," &c.

These silly conceits, which are not in the first copy, and probably were never Shakspeare's, are hardly worth a comment ; but I suppose the meaning, such as it is, to be this :—Lady Capulet has called Paris a *book*—a book that has an *explanatory margin*, and is every way complete, except that it lacks a *cover*, which cover is to

be Juliet*; inclosing and binding him in wedlock; and as that crystal fluid, the sea, is observ'd to improve the beauty of the fish which swims in it, so (she says) will you have the praise and the honour that belongs to you as clasping and enfolding the excellence of Paris; and that excellence itself will become more conspicuous, in being adorn'd with the graces which you will bring to it.

"Thou art thyself, tho' not a Montague."

Mr. Malone's regulation of this line is plausible, but, perhaps, unnecessary, and, if I mistake not, deficient of the force intended. Juliet, in her imagined colloquy with Romeo, had enjoined him to "refuse his name," i. e. to be no longer a Montague: in doing so, says she, you only renounce an exterior distinction of no value, without the least injury to your own real excellence. Thou art (still) *thyself*, unimpaired, though not a Montague.

——— "so light a foot
"Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint."

"Everlasting," perhaps, for sacred, consecrated; or, *everlasting*, because, if only subject to such steps, no impression would ever be made on it. But it cannot reasonably be supposed that the poet would, for the sake of such a thought as this, displace the beautiful line in the first quarto.

"So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower."

I know not whether Virgil was in Shakspeare's mind here: Æn. lib. 7, v. 808.

"Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret,
"Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas;"

But Milton has a similar image in Comus:—

"Thus I set my printless feet
"O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
"That *bends not as I tread.*

And Nat. Lee, in the play of Alexander:—

"I've seen him run, swifter than starting hinds,
"Nor bent the tender grass beneath his feet."

"Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes."

This line, I confess, appears to me more poetical than that which we find in the first quarto.

"And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks."

"Starveth in thine eyes" is, *keepeth his state there*, exhibits there his nature and quality; to say that need starves, is only saying that need continues his existence; there is no false grammar here, as need and oppression, of which that need is the consequence, compose one mixed or general idea, which would only be split and enfeebled by pluralizing the verb.

—— "As I did sleep
"I dreamt my master and another fought,
"And that my master slew him."

Mr. Steevens makes a long remark upon this, supposing that Balthazar is honestly reporting, as a dream, what his terrified imagination only had unrealized: this, indeed, might have been the case with Paris's page, who found himself almost afraid to stand alone; but Balthazar, with a steady spirit, resolves to watch his master, and was not of a temper to be so mistaken: his disingenuousness, on this occasion, is the natu ral and venial result of his reflecting on the danger he would be exposed to, if he acknowledged himself an active spectator of what had passed.

## THE MARRIAGE PROMISE,

### A COMEDY;

### *BY JOHN TILL ALLINGHAM, ESQ.*

MR. ALLINGHAM, the author of *Fortune's Frolic*, unquestionably one of the best farces which the modern stage has exhibited, has fully established his reputation as a dramatic writer by the production of this comedy, now in the height of its attraction at Drury-Lane theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|---|
| Charles Merton, | Mr. C. Kemble. |
| Sidney, | Mr. Dwyer. |
| Tandem, | Mr. Bannister, Jun. |
| Consols, | Mr. Dowton. |
| George Howard, | Mr. Pope. |
| Farmer Woodland, | Mr. Palmer. |
| Policy, | Mr. Hollingsworth. |
| Jefferies, | Mr. Powell. |

| | |
|---|---|
| Mrs. Howard, - - - - - - - | Mrs. Powell. |
| Mrs. Harvey, - - - - - - - - | Mrs. Sparks. |
| Emma Harvey, - - - - - - - | Mrs. Jordan. |
| Mary Woodland, - - - - - - - | Miss Mellon. |

SCENE A VILLAGE IN ENGLAND.

"Charles Merton arrives at his late father's mansion to take possession of his estate, with his travelling companion, Mr. Sidney, a dashing young man of fashion. On his arrival Merton meets with Tandem, a whimsical character, who has acted as his father's steward, and from whose knavery and tricks many incidents arise. A plot is laid by Sidney and Tandem to make Merton drunk, Tandem having been invited, at Sidney's request, to dine with them. Merton, in a state of inebriety, insults Mary, the daughter of Farmer Woodland. After recovering from his intoxication, he feels much remorse for his conduct, and, to expiate his offence, determines to offer Mary his hand; for this purpose he writes to Woodland, and gives the letter for delivery to Tandem, who is distressed at finding his master in correspondence with Woodland, whom he has previously ordered to be arrested for rent due, on his having refused him his daughter.

" Mrs. Harvey, a reduced gentlewoman, having retired with her daughter, Emma, to a cottage granted her by the late Mr. Merton, an intimate friend of her deceased husband, Captain Harvey, receives notice that her agent, who held the remnant of her fortune in trust, has failed, and the lease of her cottage having expired at the time young Merton takes possession, her daughter Emma resolves to wait on him to intercede for her mother. In this interview Merton feels the interest of a lover, and is in despair when he reflects on the promise made to Mary Woodland. From this incident the play takes its title. Consols, an old stock-broker, very rich, arrives at the village, accompanied by his clerk, Policy, to whom he declares that his immense wealth rather makes him miserable than happy, and that he is resolved to part with some of it to relieve the necessities of the unfortunate. He enters the cottage of George Howard, by whom he is kindly treated and relieved, Howard supposing him in distress. In the mother of Howard, Consols finds a lost daughter, who having been privately married to the father of Charles Merton, is involved in distress by his having neglected her, and married again. From these circumstances many interesting situations arise. Merton becomes acquainted with his father's turpitude by means of a letter supposed to have been written with his dying hand, recommending Mrs. H. and her son to his care. Howard, incensed at Merton's conduct to

Mary Woodland, challenges him; they meet, but are prevented fighting by an old servant, who was in the secret, and declares them to be brothers. Merton receives the hand of Emma Harvey, whilst Mary Woodland bestows her's on George Howard, and thus the piece concludes."

In the management of this fable, which is sufficiently simple, Mr. Allingham has shewn a considerable portion of skill, and has brought forward his principal characters and incidents in the manner best calculated to create the necessary dramatic effect. The sentiments and the humour are judiciously blended, and the serious and comic situations contrasted with great force and ingenuity. It has been the author's object to produce both *smiles and tears*, and they are most abundantly yielded to him; indeed, there are few comedies in which the two interests are so powerfully and naturally supported, without encroaching improperly upon each other. It should be added, that the author is not indebted to any overcharged or farcical incidents for the laughter which his play excites: what he gets he obtains fairly, without violating probability, or setting common sense at defiance.

The characters are pleasingly drawn. The eagerness with which *Young Merton* endeavours to atone for the error he committed in an unguarded moment, renders him highly interesting, and the manly spirit of Howard, recommends him strongly to the favour of the audience. There are several novel traits in *Tandem*, and *Consols* claims the merit of originality.

The language is elegant and nervous; the sentiments are just, and arise naturally from the situations. Some of them are cloathed in very beautiful language. There is a *thought* in the first act, respecting the different feelings of youth and age, which delighted us. Nothing could be better imagined, or more happily expressed.

We are sorry we have not room for a more particular account of this comedy, which is certainly, in every respect, creditable to Mr. Allingham's genius; and we may reasonably expect much future entertainment from an author who commences his career with such brilliant *eclat*.

The performers exerted themselves greatly. Mrs. Jordan has seldom appeared to such advantage in a modern play. The author's obligations are due also, in a particular manner, to Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Dowton, Mr. Pope, Mrs. Powell, and Mr. Bannister, junr.

# ORIGINAL POETRY.

## ODE TO TIME,

### INSCRIBED TO MISS SEWARD,

*BY MISS HOLFORD.*

OH thou! whose viewless form, slow-stealing Time!
  Has silent march'd o'er many a conquer'd year!
Shall thy chill power pervade the glowing rhyme?
  Shall thy rude hand each tuneful record tear?
Shall Genius raise aloft the soul-fraught strain,
And swell the choral tide of Heav'n-taught verse in vain?

Tho' ages past have own'd thy tyrant sway,
  Tho' many a wreck the spoiler's power reveals,
Beneath thy scythe tho' empires pass away,
  And countless charms th' unconscious grave conceals;
Tho' o'er the laurel'd brow, the dusky tomb
In sullen silence sheds its deep impervious gloom—

Not with his ebbing breath the poet dies!
  He lives—he speaks, to ages yet unborn!
Then boast not, Time! thy earthly mould'ring prize—
  Well may the Bard thy envious efforts scorn;
Ne'er shall his triumphs to thy power belong,
All hail'd by distant years, immortal in his song.

Direct thy glance beyond life's fragile hour,
  Oh Seward! favour'd of th' Aonian nine!
On thy full gaze bid all the future pour,
  And raptur'd, see the admiring future thine!
See laurels bloom, thy shadowy* brows to wreathe,
Hear bards yet uncreate, an aweful tribute breathe.

For not to thee with niggard hand assign'd,
  The short-liv'd triumph of some local strain!
Thine the proud empire of th' enthusiast mind,
  Thine the fine chords which swell to pleasing pain,

* *Shadowy*, this epithet alludes to the unsubstantial existence which fame confers; when we are pleased with the compositions of deceased people, we create a semblance of their persons, which being the result not of memory but of imagination, may properly be termed shadowy.

To joy's tumultuous throb, to mystic fear,
To friendship's bosom glow, or pity's hallow'd tear.

Lo! where the oral Muse of former time,
By thee invok'd, in gothic state descends,
With potent hand awakes the runic rhyme
And the thick veil of dark oblivion rends!
See from the tomb the fateful weapon* wave,
Oh cease the mutter'd rite! respect the secret grave.

To drop soft dews on beauty's wither'd flower,
From the full breast to urge the slow-heav'd sigh,
Or bid descend the tributary shower,
To wet the turf where worth and valour lie;
Snatch Fame's bright banner from the grasp of Time,
O'er the illustrious dead to wave its folds sublime,

The generous task be thine! Lo! André's shade,
With flight indignant quits yon murd'rous shore!
Spirit of song! instruct the matchless maid,
Teach her sweet pity's seraph strain to pour;
Bid the sad tale descend to latest years,
Embalm'd to times remote in friendships' tuneful tears.

What nameless thousands crowd life's little day,
Minions of sordid wealth or pageant pow'r,
Born but to sport in fortune's various ray,
The weak ephemera of a sunshine hour!
E'en memory o'er their urns forgets to weep;—
For them how dark the tomb! the oblivious grave how deep!

And are those eyes but meteors of a day?
Doom'd is that hand in mould'ring earth to sleep?
Those eyes, whence Genius pours his living ray,
That hand so skill'd the Muses' lyre to sweep?
And shalt thou vanish with the vulgar throng?
How drear the sullen pause when hush'd thy heavenly song!

No, Seward! Tho' those orbs shall cease to roll,
When the freed spirit seeks her native skies,

* See Miss Seward's Runic Dialogue, "Herva and Argantyr."

Still in thy verse survives celestial soul!
Oh! not with *Seward's* form her memory dies!
Still shall thy song enraptur'd fancy bind,
Still breath the sacred fire of unextinguish'd mind!

## AUTUMN.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM BECKFORD, ESQ.

Beneath the vertic ray, the prospect burns;
No trailing cloud sails through the azure sky;
The rip'ning corn from green to yellow turns;
The mountain torrents and the rills are dry.
The ready harvest for the sickle looks;
The happy husbandman his team prepares;
No waste of time th' important season brooks,
For all preparing urge their rural cares.
In reg'lar rows, beneath the reapers hand,
The useful burdens on the stubble lay;
Collected now, the sheaves in order stand;
The waggon, now, pursues its steady way;
While fruit, matur'd, of various taste and size,
Its wholesome sweets and nec'trine juice supplies.

## MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

### DRURY-LANE.

April 2.—Mr. Bannister's Night.—Murphy's comedy of *All in the wrong* was revived on this occasion, with all the strength of the theatre. Bannister and Mrs. Glover were excellent in *Sir John* and *Lady Restless*, and Mrs. Jordan appeared to more than usual advantage in *Belinda*.

15.—*Deaf and Dumb*.—Miss De Camp, being recovered from her indisposition, was greeted with enthusiastic applause on her re-appearance in *Theodore*. She looked remarkably well, and played with all her former animation.

16.—*The Marriage Promise*.—See the British Stage of this Number.

### COVENT-GARDEN.

March 22.—The Captive, a *Tragic Scene*—a Monodrame, written by Mr. Lewis, the author of Alfonso, &c. and performed by Mrs. Litchfield.—This attempt at a novel species of entertainment was not altogether successful. A lady, confined by a husband in a private madhouse, upon a false allegation of her being insane, is supposed to be driven by the horror of the scene, and various progressive circumstances, for a time, into a real madness. In this state she is found by her father and brothers, who succeed in restoring her to her senses and her liberty. The Captive is a poem in rhyme, consisting of several stanzas, each terminating with a kind of burthen. The whole is accompa-

nied by pantomimic action, with appropriate music, in a manner somewhat resembling the Melodrame of the *Tale of Mystery*.

In the course of the piece, a madman having broken from his confinement, makes his way to the cell of the *Captive*, and shakes her prison bars with the intention of forcing through them. The Captive shrieks with terror at his approach. This effect was too strong for the feelings of the audience. Two ladies fell into hysterics, the house was thrown into confusion, some slight disapprobation was shewn, and it being the general sentiment that the piece was not a fit subject for representation, the author immediately withdrew it. Mrs. Litchfield had a very difficult task to execute, and used every possible exertion in support of the piece, notwithstanding the embarrassment which she suffered, from the general tumult of the audience. Dr. Busby's music was admirably adapted to the action and character of the subject, and displayed great depth of science, and knowledge of effect.

Mr. Lewis may have borrowed the idea of his *monodrame* from Mrs. Wollstonecraft's *Wrongs of Woman*. *Maria* is precisely in the situation of his *Captive*; and though we admit that the subject is too nearly allied to *horror* for public exhibition, we do not conceive there is any thing monstrous or unnatural in the notion that the sense of injury, the bitterness of reflection, and the effect of surrounding objects, may hurry a woman very speedily into actual distraction.

As it is somewhat to the point, we transcribe below the commencement of Mrs. Wollstonecraft's novel.

"Abodes of horror have frequently been described, and castles, filled with spectres and chimeras, conjured up by the magic spell of genius to harrow the soul, and absorb the wondering mind. But, formed of such stuff as dreams are made of, what were they to the mansion of despair, in one corner of which Maria sat, endeavouring to recal her scattered thoughts!

"Surprise, astonishment, that bordered on destraction, seemed to have suspended her faculties, till, waking by degrees to a keen sense of anguish, a whirlwind of rage and indignation roused her torpid pulse. One recollection with frightful velocity following another, threatened to fire her brain, and make her a fit companion for the terrific inhabitants, whose groans and shrieks were no unsubstantial sounds of whistling winds, or startled birds, modulated by a romantic fancy, which amuse while they affright; but such tones of misery as carry a dreadful certainty directly to the heart. What effect must they then have produced on one, true to the touch of sympathy, and tortured by maternal apprehension!"

## THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

The most important theatrical occurrence of the past month, is Mr. Kemble's connexion with Covent-Garden theatre. This gentleman has purchased a sixth of the property, for which he gives upwards of £. 20,000. Next season he makes his appearance on those boards, as an actor, and with him, most probably, Mrs. Siddons. It is also reported that he is to be the acting manager, but of this fact we cannot speak with any confidence. The effect of this revolution in theatrical affairs can only be shewn by time. Mr. Kemble has been performing at Bath, to overflowing houses, and we believe he proceeds from thence to Ireland. The Haymarket is expected to open on the 16th of May.

Mr. Colman has enlisted several new recruits during his provincial tour. Besides Mr. Mathews, secured some months back, he has engaged, from the York stage, Mrs. Mathews, late Miss Jackson, an amiable young lady whom Mr. M. has recently led to the Hymeneal altar; Mr. Denman, and Mrs. Ward.—Mr. Archer, we believe, also joins the company. Mr. Chapman, engaged for the same theatre, has been offered the first salary and situation on the Dublin boards, by Mr. Jones; an offer he was, of course, not at liberty to accept. Miss Porter's *Fair Fugitives* are at length about to appear at Covent Garden, where we hope they will become *stationary*. Shakspere's King John, with Dr. Valpy's alterations, acted with so much applause at the Reading school, will shortly be revived at Covent Garden. Cooke will be the John; H Johnston, Faulconbridge; and Mrs. Litchfield, the Lady Constance. A Miss Ellis, a pupil of Dr. Busby, is about to make her appearance, at Drury Lane, in *Margaretta*, in *No Song no Supper*. Mr. Allingham has sold his very clever comedy of the Marriage Promise to Ridgway, for £. 250. Leave has been granted to bring a bill into Parliament for erecting a new theatre at Glasgow. Mr. James Aickin, late of Drury-Lane theatre, a correct, steady, and valuable actor, died on the 17th of March, after a long and lingering illness. His funeral was attended by all the principal performers of that theatre.

The Opera.—Viganoni is re-engaged. M. Crescentini, the soprano; the celebrated David; and Signora Gerbini, the finest singer in Italy, as first serious woman, are also engaged.

### KING'S THEATRE.

An historical Ballet, in five short acts, was produced on the 26th of April, called *Vologesius, King of the Parthians*; or, the *Triumph of Constancy*, composed by M. Gallet. The plot is taken from the Roman History. Julius Varus is sent by the emperor, Marcus Aurelius, against Vologesius. He defeats him, and takes his beautiful queen, Berenice, prisoner. The Roman, not proof against the power of her beauty, falls in love with his captive. Vologesius forms the design of rescuing his queen, with the assistance of some Parthians; and, in the mean time, Lucilla, daughter of Marcus Aurelius, intended spouse of the victorious general, who is also to be, on his marriage, appointed heir to the empire, arrives, conducted by Claudius, a noble Roman. The embarrassments this unexpected arrival occasions to Varus, his various emotions of rage, jealousy, despair, and benignity, and the severe but eventually successful trials of the mutual fidelity of Vologesius and Berenice, constitute the main business. The story is particularly interesting, and the scenery very magnificent, particularly a grand representation of a Roman amphitheatre. The music is by the celebrated Winter.

### NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

On Monday the 25th instant was produced at this theatre, a new grand serious spectacle, called Louisa of Lombardy, or the *Secret Nuptials*, for the purpose of introducing an old favourite to her old friends—Mrs. Parker. This lady is so very superior in grace and elegance in this department of scenic exhibition, that it is impossible for us to add to her reputation, even by unqualified praise. *Louisa of Lombardy* is indeed a clever spectacle; the scenery and decorations are uncommonly splendid, the music posessses a pleasing variety, and the poetry has the usual mixture of wit and seriousness, peculiar to Cross.

The lyrical address of *Paddy Bull in his Potatoe Garden*, and the comic pantomime of *The Rival Statues*, or *Harlequin Humourist*, continues to fill the house.

### ROYAL AMPITHEATRE.

ASTLEY has revived with uncommon success, and a variety of beautiful picturesque scenery, the splendid Caledonian spectacle, called the *Iron Tower*, in which himself and his very elegant wife, acquired so high a reputation two years ago; in addition to which the pretty little W. brow continues to tread the "light fantastic toe," in the new harlequinade, called *Silver Star*, or the *Mirror of Witchcraft*; these, together with Crossman's horsemanship, and St. Pierre's grand Indian Ballet, called *Zelico*, produce each night a bumper.

### SADLERS WELLS

OPENED with unusual success: the tide is completely in favour of the new proprietors, for the house hath experienced an overflow almost every evening since Easter Monday.

*New Brooms*, *Jack the Giant Killer*, *Edward and Susan*, the Harlequinade of *Fire and Spirit*, all by Mr. C. Dibdin, together with the wonderful exertions of the *Patagonian* SAMPSON, and the admirably neat performance of young Menage, the vocal exertions of our favourite Townsend from Covent Garden theatre, and the pleasing Mrs. C. Dibdin, with the favourite Columbine, Madame St. Amand, we have no doubt will continue to attract full houses for the whole summer. There are however several new pieces in preparation. A serio-comic Ballet, on the subject of *Philip Quarles*, is shortly expected to appear.

## FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

BERLIN, 19 *Feb.*—"Madame Mara gave her first concert last Sunday. The house was crowded. Her performance answered fully to the high expectations which were formed of this renowned singer, and justified the reputation which she has enjoyed so many years. The half of the receipt, which may have amounted to 7000 rix dollars, is for the orphans of musicians, the other half is for Madame Mara herself. She is to sing again to-morrow. The tickets were all taken a week ago. She goes then to St. Petersburgh and Moscow."

RUSSIAN DRAMA.—The following particulars respecting the expenditure for the theatrical establishment in Russia, are communicated from an authentic source. The emperor allows annually to the managers and directors of the Russian court theatres, the sum of 234,000 roubles, together with the money received for admittance, amounting on an average to 130,000 roubles a year; which makes, altogether, a capital of 364,000 roubles. Out of this fund the managers must pay the actors of the French and Russian theatres, the musicians, dancers, &c. The expences are distributed as follows:

| | Roubles. | | Roubles. |
|---|---|---|---|
| The French comedians, ... | 95,[illegible]00 | The orchestra, . .......... | 60,000 |
| The Russian players, ..... | 35,000 | The ballets, ................ | 40,000 |

The rest is expended for scenery, dresses, lighting the house, &c. The following are the salaries of the principal French actors at Petersburgh.

| | Roubles. | | Roubles. |
|---|---|---|---|
| La Roche, ................ | 5,000 | Master of the Ballets, Le Preque, ........... | 6,000 |
| Ducrossy and Bourgeois, each ...... | 4,500 | Didelot and his wife receive annually from the Imperial purse, | 12,000 |
| Bergamin, Sinclair, and Chateaufort, each .... | 4,000 | Besides two benefits each, which may be estimated at 2000 roubles, ................ | 4,000 |
| Aufrenne, ................ | 3,000 | Madame Rose Collinet, a French dancer, with a benefit, .. | 5,000 |
| Madame Valville, ...... | 6,500 | | |
| Mesdames Le Roy and Montgauties, e. | 4,000 | | |

N. B. The first Russian actor has no more than 3,000 roubles.

# HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

## FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF GARRICK'S MANAGEMENT.

[Continued from page 205.]

### *Drury-Lane.—Season* 1760-1.

Wednesday, April 1.—[Mr. King's night].—*Every Man in his Humour.* Bobadil, (1st time) King. Bucks have at ye all, by Mr. King, and (1st time) the *New Hippocrates*; (a) or a *Lesson for Quacks.* A dramatic satire.—Messrs. King, Blakes, Packer, Burton, Bennet, and Mrs. Kennedy.

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(a) "*The New Hippocrates, wrote by Dr. Hiffernan. Wretched, but went off quietly.* Cross's Diary.

This piece is written by Dr. Paul Hiffernan. The intent of it is to expose the folly of persons of fortune, confiding the conduct of their health and constitutions to foreign empiricks, to the prejudice of deserving regular-bred gentlemen of the faculty, who, possessed of great learning, skill, and judgment, are nevertheless often neglected and denied that encouragement, which is at the same time unreasonably lavished on these pernicious beings; to whom, from their absolute deficiency of every one of those qualities, it would be madness to entrust the management of even the most trivial concerns in life, exclusive of life itself. The design so far may be good, but the execution of it is puerile, and defective in almost every thing essential to the drama; character, incident, and probability, being all alike wanting in it; the foreign quack being made an absolute Englishman, and the only attempt at real character, which is that of Miss Griseldine Wapontake, a Yorkshire, galloping, foxhunting, female rustic, dragged in by head and shoulders, without any previous expectation, or

2.—[Mrs. YATES's night] (b) *King John*. *Edgar and Emmeline*.

3.—[Mr. LOWE's Night.]—*Prov. Wife*. — Belinda, Miss Haughton. [not acted for 16 years (c)] *Contrivances*.—Rovewell, LOWE; Robin, Moody; Argus, Philips; Betty, Mrs. Bradshaw; Arethusa, a young GENTLEWOMAN, (her 1st app.] (d)

4.—[By COMMAND.]—*Stratagem*.—Foigard, Moody. *Lethe*.

6.—[HOLLAND's Night.]—*Rom. & Jul*.—Mercutio, GARRICK. (1st time) The first act of Taste (e) connected with a new additional act (never performed before) called *Modern Tragedy*, written by Mr. Foote. Ly. Pentweazle, FOOTE. The other characters by Foote, King, Baddeley, &c. and three performers who never appeared upon any stage.

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subsequent consequence, or, in a word, without any farther connexion with this piece, than it might be made to have equally well with any other. The success it met with, which was a kind of cold contemptuous disregard, was surely as much as its merit could demand, and indeed the author seems to have shewn a consciousness of the same judgment, by not publishing the piece. *Baker*.

An account of the author, including an anecdote respecting this farce, was given in vol. viii. p. 374.

(b) " The last night Mrs. Yates acted till May 30th." *Cross's Diary*. Mrs. Yates was obliged to go to Bristol, for the benefit of her health.

(c) Acted frequently at Covent Garden within that period.

(d) " Very decent." *Cross's Diary*.

(e) " A new last act to Taste—greatly hissed, and almost d—— d" *Cross's Diary*.

The comedy of *Taste* was first acted at Drury-Lane, in 1752. The piece and its profits were given by its author to Mr. Worsdale, the painter, who acted the part of Lady Pentweasle in it with great applause. The general intention of it is to point out the numerous impositions that persons of fortune and fashion daily suffer, in the pursuit of what is called *Taste*, or a love of *Vertù*, from the tricks and confederacies of painters, auctioneers, *medal dealers*, &c. and to shew the absurdity of placing an inestimable value on, and giving immense prices for, a parcel of maimed busts, erased pictures, and inexplicable coins, only because they have the mere name and appearance of antiquity, while the more perfect and really valuable performances of the most capital artists of our own age and country, if known to be such, are totally despised and neglected, and the artists themselves suffered to pass through life unnoticed and discouraged. These points Mr. Foote has, in this farce, set forth in a very just, and at the same time a very humourous light; but whether the generality of the audience did not relish, or perhaps did not understand, this confined satire, or that, understanding it, they were so wedded to the infatuation of being imposed on, that they were unwilling to subscribe to the justice of it, I will not pretend to determine; but it met with some opposition for a night or two, and during the whole run of it, which was not a long one, found at best but a cold and distasteful reception. *Baker*.

7.—[Mr. and Mrs. Davies' night.]—*Susp. Husb.*—Jacintha, Mrs. Kennedy. *P. Honeycomb.*

8.—[Miss Pritchard's night. (f)]—*Jeal. Wife. Chaplet.*

9.—[Mrs. Vincent's night.]—*Hamlet.*—Hamlet, Holland; Ophelia, (1st time) Mrs. Vincent. *Guardian.*

10.—[Mr. O'Brien's night.]—*Stratagem.*—Archer, (1st time) O'Brien; Scrub, (for this night) Garrick; Mrs. Sullen, (1st time) Miss Pritchard. By particular desire, a minuet by Mr. O'Brien and Miss Pritchard. *D. & no Duke.*

11.—[Master Leoni's night] *Cons. Lovers. Enchanter.*

13.—[Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy's night.]—*Rom. & Jul.*—Capulet, Mr. Kennedy; Mercutio (2nd time) Garrick; Nurse (1st time) Mrs. Kennedy. *New Hippocrates* (2nd time) (g).

14.—[Ben. of Mr. Champnes and Miss Young.]—*Alchymist. Enchanter.*

15.—[By Command]—*Every Man in his Hum.* Bobadil, Yates. *D. and no Duke.*

(f) By particular desire of several ladies of quality.

(g) Not acted after this night.

## MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

### CAROLAN.

A celebrated Irish bard was born in the year 1670, in the village of Nobber, in the county of Westmeath, on the lands of Carolan's Town, which were wrested from his ancestor by the family of the Nugents, on their arrival in this kingdom with Henry the Second. His father was a poor farmer, the humble proprietor of a few acres, which yielded him a scanty subsistence.

The cabin in which our bard was born, is still pointed out to the inquisitive traveller. As it is in a ruinous state, it must soon become a prey to all-devouring time. But the spot on which it stood, will, we predict, be visited at a future day, with as much true devotion, by the lovers of natural music, as Stratford upon Avon, and Binfield are, by the admirers of Shakespeare and Pope.

He must have been deprived of sight at a very early period of his life, for he remembered no impression of colours. Thus was "knowledge at one entrance quite shut out," before he had taken even a cursory view of the creation. From this misfortune he felt no uneasiness. "My eyes," he used merrily to say, "are transplanted into my ears."

His musical genius was soon discovered, and his friends determined to cultivate it. About the age of twelve, a proper master was engaged to instruct him in the practice of the harp. But though fond of that Instrument, he never struck it with a master-hand. Genius and diligence are seldom united, and it is practice alone can perfect us in art. Yet his harp was rarely unstrung; but in general he only used it to assist him in composition. His fingers wandered among the strings in quest of the sweets of melody.

Love does not, as Archer teaches Cherry to believe, always enter at the eyes; for Carolan became enamoured of Miss Bridget Cruise (of Cruise Town in the county of Longford) several years after he had lost his sight. His harp now, like the lute of Anacreon, would only sound of love. Though this lady did not give him her hand, it is imagined she did not deny him her heart, but, like Apollo, when he caught at the nymph, "he filled his arms with bays." The song which bears his name, is his *chef d'œuvre*; it came warm from his heart while his genius was in full vigour. "I have often listened to Carolan," says Mr. O'Connor, "singing his ode to Miss Cruise. I thought the stanzas wildly enthusiastic, but neglected to preserve them."

A very extraordinary instance of the effect of Carolan's passion for this lady is related by Mr. O'Connor.* He went once on a pilgrimage to Patrick's purgatory, a cave in an island of Lough Deary, (in the county of Donegall,) of which more wonders are told, than even of the cave of Trophonius. On his return to shore, he found several pilgrims waiting the arrival of the boat which had conveyed him to the object of his devotion; in assisting some of those devout travellers to get on board, he chanced to take a lady's hand, and instantly exclaimed, "Dar Lamba mo chardais Criost." i. e. (by the hand of my Gossip) this is the hand of Bridget Cruise! his sense of feeling did not deceive him; it was the hand of her whom he once adored. "I had the relation from his own mouth," says Mr. O'Connor, "and in terms which gave me a strong impression of the emotions he felt on meeting the object of his early affections." Carolan, at the time of this event, was

> Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra Via.
> Half way in the road of life.

Our bard solaced himself for the loss of Miss Cruise, in the arms of Mary Mac Guire, a young lady of a good family, in the county of Fermanagh. Miss Mac Guire proved a proud and an extravagant dame: but she was the wife of his choice, he loved her tenderly, and lived harmoniously with her.

[To be continued.]

## PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

*Theatre Royal* MANCHESTER.—"Paul and Virginia," and "The Tale of Mystery," have been represented here, to very crowded houses. Much credit is due to Mr. Coyle as a painter; the scenery in these pieces would do credit to the boards of the metropolis. Miss Jackson sings the simple airs of Virginia with success. Her voice is naturally sweet and powerful, but requires much cultivation. She is, however, very young, (being not above 16) and scarce a fit subject for the severe animadversions lately passed upon her by your Chester correspondent.

In the "Tale of Mystery," Mr. Huddart's Romaldi is excellent; in the last scene he is terrific to sublimity. This gentleman makes rapid progress in the public esteem, and, I trust, will meet with the reward due to his abilities. While we admire his Stranger, Rolla, or Othello, as performances rarely equalled, his manner strikes us as truly original. Mr. Mills, notwithstanding his too youthful appearance as Francisco, is very impressive.

Mr. Gordon still continues a favourite. His humour never fails to please the gods of the gallery, nor his good person to secure the admiration of the ladies in the boxes. "Delays and Blunders," and "Hear both Sides," have been played, but the town of Manchester, having lately assumed the prerogative of a London audience, treated these comedies with loud tokens of disapprobation.

X.

From another Correspondent.—The receipts of our theatre were never before so great as at present. We cannot, however, ascribe this circumstance to the attention of the managers, who are very cautious how they cloy the public with *novelty*. *Lodoiska*, the *Cabinet*, *Family Quarrels*, and *Perouse*, have never gained a footing on our boards, while they are all advertised for representation by Mr. Macready's company at the neighbouring town of Bolton. Our operas are not even decently got up; there is not a performer adequate to supply the place of Miss Griffith, or Mrs. Addison. Mrs. Hatton is the best singer we have, but her powers are more suitable to the ballad style. Is it not strange that the ladies of Manchester, while they allow the excellence of this actress in *boydens* and chambermaids, should refuse to honour her benefit with their presence, because, forsooth, they approve not of the effrontery that is necessarily attached to those characters? I am willing to hope, that, as her late absence has been universally regretted, more liberality will be evinced towards her this season. I do not wonder at the immoderate praise lavished upon Mr. Gordon, when our dramatic authors have so much reason to be obliged to him for his *grammatical* preciseness, and judicious deviations from the text. His favourite expressions of "My dear *feller*," or "My dear soul," stun the ear in almost every sentence. Mr. Huddart's claims to public favour are very considerable; there is scarce a night of performance in which he does not sustain some arduous part, and in a manner most highly creditable to his talents. Reynolds's last new comedy was played here, and every justice rendered it in the acting; but, on being announced for a second representation, it was loudly condemned.

Candid.

The Edinburgh Stage.—The charms of the drama have been the chief delights of the rural retirement in which I have been buried since the transmission of my last report. The appearance of extraordinary theatrical talent in our imetropolis never fails to attract me from my retirement. Still where

"Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
"Steals o'er the cheek: or else the comic muse
"Holds to the world a picture of itself,
"And raises sly the fair impartial laugh";

do I enjoy the most exquisite delights.—

These circumstances present a detailed account of all the theatrical representations of our capital. Suffice it at present to state, that the Edinburgh theatre has been open almost three months, more to the advantage of the managers than the satisfaction of our dramatic amateurs. Mr. Young, and Miss Duncan, the latter of whom is much improved, continue to receive the just tribute of admiration due to exquisite talent. Rock is still, in low comedy, the favourite of the galleries, and in low Irishmen a favourite with the most judicious. Toms fills

up the characters of our lamented Woods with judgment, and sometimes with applause. Grant is useful to the managers, is tolerated occasionally by the judicious, not unfrequently applauded by the mob of *critics* (writers I mean) and spectators. Turpin has defeated expectation, and now shares with Rock the public applause. Miss Walstein has left us, and we no longer have a tragedy heroine. A Miss Fitzgerald, engaged to supply her place, has already run her career, and a Mrs. Grant, if I mistake not, is following her. "Delays and Blunders," one of our new pieces, has experienced the fate of other five act farces; laughed *at* by the judicious, applauded, and in a few nights forgot by the galleries. Before the end of our season, you shall have a more detailed account of our winter campaign.

The appearance of Mrs. Esten attracted me to Edinburgh in common with other amateurs. Many years have elapsed since this captivating actress, in our capital, emerged from obscurity. Then (in appearance at least)

"La damizella non passava ancora
"Quattordici anni; ed era bella, e fresca,
"Come rosa, che spunti allora allora,
"Fuor della buccia, e con sol novo cresca."

then we predicted that—

"This lovely bud, by summer's ripening breath,
"Should prove a lovely flower when next we met—"

and never was expectation so completely gratified.

Her late re-appearance here, after a long retirement from the stage, gave to her exhibitions every charm of novelty. In form, feature, and appearance, she is equally fascinating, as when she first delighted our senses, and captivated our judgment. Her powers of voice, however, are a little diminished, and her tones deficient in that clearness and extent we long since admired.

This truly excellent general performer has, at a nightly salary of £.50, appeared in many first characters. Her tragic acting, said to be excellent, but which it was not my fortune to see, has given much satisfaction. Her comic acting has afforded still more pleasure. Rosalind, Beatrice, and Roxalana appear to have been her most attractive parts. They have each, the former at least, been very often performed. I shall therefore confine my remarks for the present chiefly to this character.

To say her comic acting is excellent, is but vague praise. The liberality of nature in personal accomplishments, joined to her easy deportment, the arch playfulness of her manner, her judicious emphasis, and, when necessary, an appropriate and impressive enunciation, fit her for any part in the drama. Her knowledge of the author's language is considerable, and she is far from being unacquainted with the history of her character—hence her conception of her part is generally just; she is perfect enough in the words to set the prompter at defiance. Her performance is generally easy, graceful, and elegant; her gaiety seldom degenerates to frivolity, nor is her comic humour corrupted by the buffoonery of broad farce; she is ever the lady, never its boarding-school type; she stamps not permanency upon the casual feature of a character; she makes Rosalind, Beatrice, Roxalana, or indeed any other comic character, neither an Angelica nor a Miss Prue.

But she has some faults; some of them of consequence; her deficiency of voice, which gives at times the idea of something asthmatic, has already been noticed. In Rosalind I object to the unnatural splendour of her dress, even at court, while the humble friend of Celia. While in the forest, instead of the graceful garb of a young shepherd, she exhibited the overloaded trappings of a Parisian opera singer; contrasted with that of the other performers, (a circumstance more important than many of our first rate performers seem to imagine,) it was perfectly ridiculous.

In the first act, her action was much too exuberant; her attitudes, throughout every part indeed, much too varied, and her manner exhibited too much artifice. Indeed the overloaded artifices, and the meretricious tricks of a modern court lady, were far more apparent than the graceful simplicity of the lovely Rosalind. The maxim

"————loveliness
"Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
"But is, when unadorned, adorned the most"

should ever be present to the recollection of this lady.

The fault alluded to was obvious to the grossest spectator, in the scene where she recognizes Orlando in the forest; where she chides the amorous shepherdess; and in the fainting scene in the wood. Her attempt, after really swooning, to impose upon Oliver by counterfeiting it, seems to me a novelty by no means happy; the counterfeit was not even strongly enough depicted. The delineations of various passion were not very natural: it was rather the affectation than the reality of feeling. Perhaps, throughout Mrs. Esten's whole acting, too studied an endeavour appeared to display to the audience the charms of her person, the elegance of her figure, and the richness of her dress; a thousand unnecessary attitudes, not to say incessant twists, contortions, and shrugs, seemed to have in view that object alone. Upon the whole, I heartily congratulate the dramatic world upon such an important acquisition. Though inferior, in certain characters, to Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Litchfield, and perhaps to Mrs. H. Siddons, or even Miss De Camp, in universality of talent she exceeds any one of these ladies. In short

"Take her for all in all,
"We shall not look upon her like again."

Another theatrical phenomenon has lately appeared, whom it was my fortune to see. The son of an Edinburgh mechanic, himself a shop-boy, a few weeks since astonished us in the character of Douglas. Inferior, unquestionably, to Mr. H. Johnston, at the latter's *debut*, "the toe of the one comes so near the heel of the other, he galls his kibe." He is hardly nineteen; his voice is good; his figure, considering his years, unexceptionable; he possesses a marking eye, and regular, though not prominent features; experience and culture will lead him to eminence. A shambling awkward deportment, and the original sin of a Scotish dialect are his prominent faults. But more of him afterwards. The qualities of a stage-struck novice, like the first tints of a vernal flower, must be handled with gentleness.

I am, &c.

JUSTUS.

# DOMESTIC EVENTS.

York Assizes.—Joseph Heald and John Terry were indicted for the wilful murder of Elizabeth Smith, aged sixty-seven years, at Flamshaw, near Wakefield. The prisoners were both apprentices. The deceased was a woman of most excellent character, and had maintained herself by keeping cows, and vending their produce; but having the misfortune to lose two of her cows, she was left nearly destitute, but, by the humane assistance of her neighbours, she was enabled to purchase one cow; and her son, who lived in Leeds, sent her eighteen guineas afterwards to buy another, but desired her not to purchase before fog-time. On her receiving the eighteen guineas it was immediately made known amongst her neighbours.

T. Shaw and S. Linley, constables, proved the confession of Terry; which was, that he and Heald met together the night on which the murder was committed, and parted at ten o'clock, to meet again at the deceased's about one o'clock. They met. Terry assisted Heald in getting into a window, up one pair of stairs; that he, Terry, afterwards set up something against the house, and climbed up after Heald. That after several blows being struck at the deceased, Heald took a razor, and he Terry held her head; in a short time Terry had his hand cut, and advised Heald to desist, as he had got enough, and would then go to the door and look if all was safe, upon his return he found Heald had got the deceased into the adjoining room, and was *braying* her over the head with the tongs, upon which he told him to desist, and come away, and there would be no more about it; also that when Heald was brought into the room after Terry had made the confession, Heald said to him "Terry, I thought thou would not have deceived me so, thou knows I was not with thee;" to which Terry answered, "Thou knows there is a God above that knows all." A second time Heald asked Terry why he should deceive him, and said, "Thou had better lay it upon somebody else." Terry replied, "I will not hang an innocent man: thou knows there was but us two, and God for our witness."

Our limits will not permit us to give the circumstantial evidence at length: after a patient hearing, the learned judge summed up the evidence to the jury, and as it appeared there was no doubt of the guilt of Terry, he dwelt principally upon the circumstantial evidence against the prisoner Heald, and pointed out, with great perspicuity, the shades of evidence against Heald.

The jury pronounced both the prisoners—Guilty.

The judge then, in the most solemn manner, pronounced sentence of death upon them.

During the trial, and at the time the awful sentence was passed, Terry behaved with prudence, but was not the least affected; but we are sorry to say, Heald appeared perfectly ignorant of his situation, often looking round the court, and, to the last part of his trial, shewed uncommon hardness in his behaviour.

Monday following being appointed for the execution of Heald and Terry, early in the morning of that day, the Rev. Mr. Brown, the Ordinary, attended them in their cell, in order to administer the sacrament, when Terry informed him that Heald was innocent; on which Mr. Brown stated to them the leading

facts that were proved against them upon the trial, and referred to Terry's own confession of the manner in which they perpetrated the murder. Terry said, "That he had been induced to make that confession, as he had been told that he should thereby save his own life; but he now declared Heald to be innocent, and that he would not be hanged with an innocent man." In consequence of this declaration, the Ordinary thought it his duty to inform the judge of this extraordinary circumstance; but his Lordship was so perfectly satisfied of Heald's guilt, that he ordered the sentence to be put in execution. His Lordship, however, humanely sent his Marshal, Mr. Wells, to attend the prisoners, with a discretionary power to respite the execution, should any circumstances appear to him, respecting Heald, that would justify the measure.—Mr. Wells was convinced, from the conversation that passed, that Terry was not speaking the truth, and in consequence they were left to their fate. In proceeding from the cell to the drop, Terry exclaimed aloud that Heald was innocent, and that they were going to hang an innocent man, and appeared to have worked himself up to a state of phrenzy and distraction.

We certainly never witnessed, on their being brought on the platform, a scene of more brutal stubbornness than was exhibited by Terry, for as soon as he got on, he went forward to the front, and exclaimed, in a loud voice, "They are going to hang an innocent man," (meaning Heald) "he is as innocent as any of you!" On uttering of which, he immediately made a sudden spring, in order to get down the ladder, which he certainly would have effected had he not been laid hold of by the clergyman. While they were pulling him back, he again exclaimed, "It was me that murdered the woman; I said it was Heald, but I did so to save my own life; and would not any of you hang an innocent man to save your own life?" Which he repeated, adding, "Don't hang Heald; if you do, I shall be guilty of two murders." The clergyman then proceeded to do his duty, to which Terry paid no attention, but continued very clamorous, notwithstanding the entreaties of Heald not to deprive him of the benefit of the prayers; but Terry was not to be restrained, and it was from the utmost exertions of five or six men that he could be dragged to the drop, and the rope forced over his head; during which he tore off his cap, and at the moment when the platform sunk, which put an end to the life of Heald, Terry made a spring, and threw himself against a rail of the scaffold, got his foot upon the edge of a beam, and caught the corner post with his arm, by which he supported himself, and in this dreadful situation he continued for about a minute, till he was forced off by the executioner, and launched into eternity, with his face uncovered; a circumstance never perhaps known in the annals of a York execution.—Heald met death with composure, and never attempted to deny his being guilty.—The probable reason for Terry's wretched behaviour was either to delay the execution, or, by declaring an innocent man was going to suffer, he wished to excite the compassion of the numerous spectators, and induce them to attempt a rescue.

Kent Assizes.—*Maidstone, March* 15.—The judges arrived in town last night, and opened their commission. This morning they proceeded to business.

Mr. Baron Hotham sat in the nisi prius side; but the learned judge and counsel were hardly seated, when they found they must again speedily dislodge. The court had been newly painted, and was scarcely dry. The smell of the

paint was most intolerable, and the effluvium very soon began to operate. Before the first cause was half over, Mr. Garrow put his hand to his breast. The serjeants became hoarse, and the bar all began to spit. The judge bore it the longest without any complaint, when at length he declared it was impossible for him any longer to keep his seat. In this dilemma Mr. Watson was deputed to find a new room for the court to sit in; and on his return he reported, that the only room to be found was the ball room at the Star Inn. The court was immediately adjourned to that place. The judge was seated at the upper end of the room. The leading counsel sat at a round table; the rest of the bar ranged down the room, and the witness was elevated in a chair. After the bustle occasioned by this removal had a little subsided, the business went on tolerably well.

*March* 16.—The court, as we have reported, was dislodged from the Court-house to the Ball-room at the Star Inn; but during the course of the day the crowd in the room was so great, that apprehensions were entertained that the floor might give way. At the rising of the court another place of meeting was to be sought for. The play-house was first suggested, but on enquiry that was found occupied by a cargo of potatoes. At length some gentlemen of the bar had influence enough to procure the use of a *methodist meeting*, and there it was the lawyers assembled this morning. Nothing could be more whimsical than the appearance of the place. Mr. Baron Hotham was seated in the reading desk; the associate in the place of the clerk of the spiritual congregation. In the great pew, where usually sit the *pious* elders, were placed the leading lawyers. In the opposite pew were ranged the jurymen, most conveniently situated for hearing the law instead of the gospel. Other counsel were distributed in the other pews; the rest of the congregation took their seats after the usual fashion. Nothing occurred worth reporting.

*March* 17.—Lawrence Innis was indicted for the wilful murder of John Price, at Greenwich, on the 21st of January last. The prisoner and the deceased were both pensioners in Greenwich hospital, and the following is the account given of the transaction by the witnesses:—

James Millar said he was a Greenwich pensioner, and his birth was in the Clarence Ward; his cabin was next to that in which the deceased slept. On Tuesday night, the 20th of January last, just as he was in bed, he heard the prisoner and the deceased come up to the gallery together; they were talking; the deceased said to the prisoner, "Go to bed, and then there will be no more o'nt." The prisoner replied, "I won't." The prisoner then went away to the fire place, in the hall, but soon returned to the cabin door of the deceased, and called out, "Price! Price! Jack! Jack!" The deceased did not answer; the prisoner went away, but returned a second time, and called out as before. The deceased then answered him, and said to the prisoner, "You will prepare to appear before the Captain of the Month to-morrow.—I have you upon the *complaint*, for striking me to-day, at the Tyger's Head, in London street." To this the prisoner replied, "Then you have done me, have you? but, damn you, I'll do you in return." The prisoner accompanied these words by a blow, which knocked the deceased down. The deceased called out "murder!" upon which the witness jumped out of bed, and the prisoner was secured, and the next morning he

was carried before the committee, and mulcted two months tobacco money for his ill behaviour. This was the morning preceding the night of the murder. As he came out of the committee-room, he said to the witness, "Millar, you have borne false witness against me, but I hope to God I shall live to seek revenge." On the same evening he did not see the prisoner till eleven o'clock; he then saw both Price and Innis go to their cabins. After he had been in bed a short time he heard the prisoner come out of his cabin, and go to the cabin of the deceased. From that he went to the fire-place in the hall as fast as he could go. He returned a second time to Price's cabin. He staid a second or two, and then again went to the fire-place, and once more returned to Price's cabin. In a little time he heard him shut the door softly, and thought no more of it, till, about a quarter of an hour afterwards, Bryan came to him, and told him, for God's sake, to get up, as the boatswain (Price) was murdered.

John Hawford, another pensioner, corroborated the above evidence.

James Bryan gave evidence as follows:—I lay in the same cabin with the deceased; we were talking together not ten minutes before he was murdered. The prisoner's cabin was nearly opposite to ours. I heard the prisoner open our door softly, and he looked in: we appeared both asleep. As soon as he looked in, he went away towards the hall fire-place. He had on a great coat and two night caps. He came back, and when he came in our cabin, he looked at me attentively. He again went away, and returned with the poker. He turned round and gave me another attentive look, and immediately after struck Price four or six heavy blows on the head. At the first blow his head crashed, but I don't know whether the others hit him. As soon as he had done it, he again turned and looked at me, but I lay still as though asleep. He then went out and hauled the door softly after him, but did not lock it. As soon as he was gone, I got up, and gave the alarm, and the prisoner was secured.

James Curran, another pensioner, described the state in which he found the deceased.

The prisoner, in defence, said, that the witnesses were in a conspiracy against him.

The jury, without a moment's hesitation, found him guilty, and the learned judge proceeded immediately to pronounce the sentence of the law, that he should be hanged and dissected.

The prisoner seemed very little affected. He appeared about fifty years of age, and discovered strong symptoms of a brutal and ferocious disposition.

Surry Assizes.—Stephen Stilwell was indicted for the wilful murder of Mary Ann, his wife, on the 28th of September last, at the parish of Mortlake.

Mr. Nolan, who appeared as counsel for the prosecution, stated, that the prisoner at the bar stood indicted of a crime, which must be the offspring of a most abandoned and cruel disposition. He had for some time lived as a gardener in the family of a gentleman at Mortlake; and the woman whom he had murdered also lived as servant in that family. He therefore had every opportunity of being acquainted with her temper and manners, previous to his taking her for his wife. They were married from that place, and took a public-house at Mortlake. It would not be regular for him to detail the various instances of cruelty which he had exercised towards his wife, except as con-

nected with the present charge; but he should prove that he frequently declared he would murder her. On the 26th he quarrelled with his wife, and turned her from the kitchen to the bar, telling her that was her place, and added, "It was no matter, for she had but a few days to live." On the 27th, in the evening, they were seen together, by two lodgers in the house, sitting in the bar, and apparently in amity; but the next morning he perpetrated the horrid crime. It would also appear, that he had attempted another mode of death, for a loaded pistol was found lying by her, the lock of which was down, as though the trigger had been drawn, and it had missed fire. The learned counsel dwelt on the aggravated circumstances of this crime in which the foul crime of murder was rendered more heinous, by being against a wife, whom he had solemnly sworn at God's altar to cherish and protect.

John Ward deposed as follows:—"I am a baker, and live near Stilwell's house. On the 28th of September, about five o'clock, I got up to work. I was disturbed with a noise, and I went to the gate. I heard a noise in Stilwell's room. I heard his voice. He was saying, "Come, get up, your time is expired." I stood a little time, and heard a scream. Mrs. S. said, "My dear Stilwell, don't murder me." When I heard that, I went to an opposite window where I knew a soldier lay, and called him up. In about ten minutes I saw the prisoner come out of doors, at the front door; but before I saw him, I heard a stamping on the floor of the prisoner's room. Soon after I saw the prisoner run out of the front door. He run away, and I followed him. In about a minute I came up. Knight, a man I had called on passing by, first laid hold of him. His hands and clothes were sprinkled with blood. We bound him with a cord, and I left him in custody of Benjamin Knight.

On cross-examination the witness said, that when he heard the stamping, he also heard the prisoner exclaiming, "that he had gained his liberty;" and when he came out, he said, "D—n that house, set it on fire," (meaning his own house.)

Benjamin Knight, Charles Barwood, and William Bardolph, corroborated the evidence of Ward.

The prisoner, in defence, only said, that he did not know what he did, his mind was very much distressed by her aggravating temper.

Mr. Serjeant Best, for the defence, called one witness, of the name of Brown. He stated, that, the week before the murder, he was with Stilwell in his garden. He did not then seem to know what he was about. He cut down his French beans, and pruned away all his rose-trees. Brown asked him to have a pint of porter with him, but S. said he would not drink, and he never wished to go into his own house again, for they all made him miserable.

Mr. Justice Heath said, the only question for the jury was, whether they could possibly infer insanity, for that was the defence insinuated by the last witness. It appeared to him that the prisoner had worked himself up to a frenzy of passion, so as not to know what he was about, but that was not insanity. Men must restrain the turbulence of their passions, or answer the consequences. It seemed that the galling yoke which had wrought him to

the commission of this desperate deed, was the unhappiness of domestic circumstances, but that was not insanity. Insanity was a bodily disease, and did not originate in ill temper and passion. If, therefore, they found that the fact arose from a criminal indulgence of the passions, they must find him guilty.

The jury, without any hesitation, returned a verdict of—Guilty.

The learned judge immediately passed sentence, which was, that he should be hanged on Saturday the 26th, and afterwards be anatomised.

DUEL.—On Wednesday evening, April 6, a fatal duel took place between Colonel Montgomery, and Captain James Macnamara, of the Royal Navy. The misunderstanding arose about four o'clock that afternoon, in Hyde Park, from the Newfoundland dogs of these gentlemen unfortunately quarrelling and fighting. Captain Macnamara called upon Col. Montgomery to assist in separating the dogs, which he is said to have done; however, Captain Macnamara thinking otherwise, addressed him again, in such terms as induced the Colonel to remark,—"Sir, if you are not satisfied with what I have done, "you must satisfy yourself in such other manner as you think proper." Captain Macnamara rejoined, that he should certainly require satisfaction in another way, and desired the Colonel to hold himself in readiness to receive a message from him, which the other promised to do. Colonel Montgomery immediately sent for his friend, Sir W. Kier, of the Dragoons, to attend him. Capt. Barry, of the Navy, the second of Capt. Macnamara, arrived at five o'clock with the meſſage; when it was settled, that the respective parties should immediately proceed in two hackney coaches to the bottom of Hampstead Hill. Arriving at the lane leading to Primrose Hill soon after six o'clock, they alighted and walked to the bottom of that field, followed by their servants, with two cases of pistols, and attended by Mr. Heaviside, the surgeon. The seconds here, highly to their honour, strenuously pressed a reconciliation, stating that the hasty cause of their misunderstanding could not require a further contest of so serious a nature. All mediation, however, proving vain, Sir W. Kier stepped out the ground—twelve paces. The opponents took it back to back, at a quarter before seven o'clock, and coming round at a word given, fired together, when both shots took place. The ball from Captain Macnamara's pistol entered the right side of the Colonel, between the fourth and fifth ribs, who twirled instantly round, and exclaimed, "I am shot through the heart!" Mr. Heaviside said, "I hope not, Sir;" and procured him a glass of water; he tried to bleed him, but in vain, and he instantly fell. The Colonel's took place just above the hip of Capt. Macnamara, and passed through the left side, carrying a part of his coat along with it. As soon as the coaches could be got up, they were both put into them, and conveyed to Chalk-Farm house, close by, where, in a few minutes after, Colonel Montgomery expired. He had requested, if any accident befel him, that Mr. Keate might be sent for. He lived just twenty minutes. Captain Macnamara walked up to Colonel Montgomery when he fell, and asked him whether he was satisfied? The Colonel replied "Yes!" After bleeding Captain Macnamara, Mr. Heaviside conveyed him, with great difficulty, to his hotel in Jermyn-street. Understanding that an officer of the police was attending in the hotel to secure his

person, his fever was violently increased. Mr. Hardinge, of St. James's-street, and ten other persons, were spectators of this frantic rencontre.

Mr. Montgomery was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 9th Regiment of Foot, son of Sir Robert Montgomery, of Ireland, and brother to Mrs. George Byng, and to the Marchioness of Townshend, by the father's side, though by a different mother. He was a very handsome genteel man, about twenty-eight, and he also had fought bravely in the service of his country. In the Dutch expedition, the Russians being put to flight, his regiment was thrown into confusion, and retreated in consequence of the Russians falling back upon them: at this time a drummer was killed, and Mr. Montgomery took up the drum, beating it to rally his men, he himself standing alone: he did rally them, and at their head rendered essential service. On several occasions in Egypt and Malta he distinguished himself for his courage and spirit. He was very inoffensive, extremely good-natured, and an agreeable companion. He was honoured by the society and friendship of the Prince of Wales, with whom he lived much last summer at Brighton, and he was a great favourite with the Duke of York. He was remarkable, some years ago, for dressing like the late Duke of Hamilton, from which circumstance he was called the Duke of Hamilton's double, his shadow, &c. and down to the present time he was called the Birmingham (counterfeit) Duke. He almost daily rode in Hyde Park, on a beautiful little white Arabian. It is a great pity that these two gentlemen were allowed to fight while yet the heat of passion was upon them. Two braver men, whose courage has been more tried, or was better known, did not exist.

Captain Macnamara is a naval officer, who has distinguished himself in two or three actions, as commander of the Cerberus frigate. He served long on the Cork station, and lastly in the West Indies. He was made a post captain in 1795 He lately returned from the West Indies, and his ship was about two months ago paid off at Chatham. We believe he was on the eve of marriage to a young lady from Cork, with a fortune of 10,000l. He is about thirty-six years of age; a strong, bold, active man. He has fought two or three duels before, and was remarkable at Cork for keeping the turbulent in awe. After the unfortunate affair on Wednesday evening, he returned to his lodgings at Blake's Hotel, in Jermyn-street, where every surgical assistance was procured.

It is a wonder that, as so many gentlemen were present in Hyde Park when the appointment was made, and the combatants set their watches in order to be punctual to their time, that no steps were taken to prevent the fatal meeting.—The seconds certainly did press, on the ground, that the matter might stand over till the next morning, when one of the principals replied, "*not an hour!*" It is not true, as stated in some of the papers, that Colonel Montgomery fired first; they both came about at the same moment, and fired so instantaneously, that Mr. Heaviside thought only one shot had been discharged.

Sir William Kier, the second to Colonel Montgomery, lost one arm a few years ago in a duel.

*Coroner's Inquest.*—The Coroner's Inquest was summoned on Thursday evening, at Chalk Farm, to take a view of the body of Col. Montgomery, after which it was conveyed in a hearse to the house of Mr. Byng, (brother-in-law to the deceased) in St. James's Square. On Friday night the Jury recommenced their sitting, by adjournment from Chalk Farm, at the South-

ampton Arms, in the Hampstead road. Mr. Heaviside, the surgeon, was the first witness called. He stated that the deceased certainly died of the wound which he received in the duel fought by him with Captain Macnamara. Lord Burgherst, Mr. Duff, Mr. S. Sloane, and Mr. H. Sloane, gave evidence as to the origin of the dispute, and the manner in which the challenge took place. Their testimony was, in all its leading points, similar to the above statement. Mr. Macnamara, nephew to the Captain, was next called, and gave evidence nearly to the same effect. Several other witnesses were also called; after which the Coroner, (Mr. Hodgson) summed up the whole of the evidence with considerable ability, and at one o'clock on Friday morning the jury returned a verdict of Manslaughter. Captain Macnamara is recovering. Both he and Mr. Heaviside, who has been committed to Newgate, will be tried for the murder.

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Lately, at Torfoot, about seven miles south-west of Strathaven, in the shire of Lanark, a boy in cleaning out a drain at the foot of a rising ground, struck upon a glass bottle which contained about 400 silver Roman coins of various Emperors and Empresses. Those which we had access to see, were of Trajan, Antonius Pius, Faustina, wife of Antonius, and Crispina, wife of Commodus, &c. They are, in general, in good preservation, and weigh about 40 grains each. The bottle was an oblong square, and sealed with a greenish pigment. About 50 of the coins were so much verdigreased and adhering together, that they were broke with a hammer by a rude and unskilful hand in order to separate them.

About two months ago, the wife of Robert Bennett, carter, foot of the White Horse Close, Canongate, Edinburgh, died, leaving to her husband a family of eight children. In the course of ten days after, one of the children died. Two weeks ago the father was taken ill of a fever, and confined to his bed, surrounded by his young and helpless family. Without any one to minister to his necessities, he languished on a sick bed for several days. The occasional visits of the neighbours was the only attention he experienced, and the scanty aid which they contributed, served barely to keep him and his children from perishing for want. The fever having somewhat abated, prompted by the necessities of his infants, though extremely weak, he went out to his labour. With much difficulty he sustained himself for two days; the fever returned on the third, and on the morning of the fourth day he was found in bed a corpse, with his youngest child asleep in his arms. When the neighbours came into the house, the scene which the numerous group of children presented, may be conceived, but language is inadequate to its description. Not a morsel of bread was within the house, nor a penny of money, and scarcely an article of furniture. That whereon the dead man lay was a bed of straw, and his children had the same. The last offices of humanity was paid to his remains on Sunday, April 3d.

The following is the most recent detail of the circumstances relating to the eruption of Mount Etna on the 15th of November last. During four hours in the morning, was heard at the foot of the Mount, situated to the east, in the city of Catania, an incessant and terrific sound, resembling thunder. Afterwards, about half the height of the east side of the Mount, a new opening made its appearance,

from which a stream of lava issued, and which flowed with rapidity several Italian miles forward; so that the inhabitants of all the neighbouring places fled with precipitation. The succeeding day was observed, from Catania, an uncommonly large column of fire that issued from the uppermost crater of the Mount. The clouds of smoke darkened the city, and the inhabitants of that city remained in fearful expectation of what was about to happen. The lava flowed six days, but more slowly towards the end of that period, and occasioned no other damage than in the territory of Sarco as far as Milo. It is therefore untrue, that this eruption of Etna had devastated the Lordship of Bronti, which the King of Naples had presented to Admiral Lord Nelson, under the title of a Dutchy.

Professor Palmer, of Wolfenbuttel, has invented a composition to prevent combustible substances from taking fire. It is a powder composed of one part sulphur, one part red ochre, and six parts of copperas. Wood is first coated with glue, and then besprinkled with this powder. The process is repeated several times, till a sufficiently thick coat is given; on linen and paper the powder is fixed by means of water. Two ounces of powder destroy combustion to the extent of a square foot. It is obvious that the principal use of it consists in preventing the air from coming into contact with the combustible, and indeed it is not unlike several of the powders invented to serve the same purpose.

Mr. Fox was fortunate enough to procure in his late trip to Paris, all the finest folio editions of the Roman Classics, which are scarcely known by our English Librarians.

Cambridge, March 1.—Alexander the first, Emperor of Russia, has established an University at Dorpat, in Livonia, and the Pro-Rector is M. Parrot. A latin letter has been lately received by the Vice-Chancellor, from the Pro-Rector, announcing this new foundation, and requesting that a literary communication may be maintained between Dorpat, and the celebrated University of Cambridge. To this the public Orator has written an answer in latin, which on Friday last was read and approved in full Senate.

The method of rendering sea water capable of washing linen, has lately been pointed out by Dr. Mitchell of New York, and, we think, ought to be made as public as possible for the sake of our sailors: Drop into sea water a solution of soda or pot-ash, and it becomes milky in consequence of the decomposition of the earthy salts and the precipitation of the earths. This addition renders it soft and capable of washing. Its milkiness does no injury, and need not therefore be minded.

On Tuesday the 22nd March, the remains of the Poet Klopstock were solemnly interred at Ottensen, a village adjoining Altona, in the grave of his first wife, who was buried there 30 years ago. The funeral was attended by the Senate of Hamburgh and many of the foreign Ministers and most distinguished inhabitants of that city, in upwards of one hundred carriages. A selection of sacred music, taken from the Poet's own works, and composed by the greatest masters, was performed on the occasion: the vocal parts were entirely executed by upwards of eighty young ladies, of the first families of Hamburgh and Altona. Innumerable crowds of spectators shewed the interest they took in this last tribute to this most distinguished ornament of their country. The weather was highly favourable, and the sun, which the deceased has sung in immortal strains, shone serene and cheerful on his coffin.

*A Simple Fact.*—The country house of a certain prelate was some time since honoured by the arrival of a nobleman and his gentleman. The establishment of the bishop was respectable, but yet simple, and consistent with his character. The nobleman was ushered into the drawing-room, and every thing had gone on as usual, until, just before the dinner hour, the worthy prelate was called out by a domestic, who informed him that the whole family was in confusion, *for my Lord's gentleman had declared, with repeated oaths, he could not dine with servants in livery.* The Bishop requested to see him; and he accordingly descended from the garret, where he had taken shelter, to the hall.—"I am very sorry, Sir, that my houshold is arranged in such a manner, as to make it impossible for you to take some refreshment; you have come a considerable distance to-day, and must be fatigued. I really, Sir, hardly know how to act in this difficulty: but this I can do. My wife, I am certain, has no objection to your dining with us, if your master has not. I will, therefore, go and consult him first, and inform you of the result." The poor *gentleman* was all in a tremor; his conceit instantly disappeared; he humbly requested the bishop not to speak to his master; and at length, though with rather a wry face, and some contortions of body, he condescended to sit down with the other domestics. What the consequences were to his professional character we have not heard; but we conceal his name, lest it should reach the club, and thus produce his degradation among his brother *gentlemen*.

A letter from Florence, dated March 11, says:—"Last Tuesday, M. Laparelli delivered a letter to the king, from the new grand Master of Malta, M. Tomasi, in which he makes known his appointment to his Majesty. The Grand Master is a Florentine; he was born at Cortona, the 16th of October, 1731. As early as his 12th year, he went as page to the then Grand Master, Pinto, to Malta. He afterwards passed through several degrees in the marine, and at length received the chief command of the fleet of the Order, which he held forty years. In 1784, the then Grand Duke Leopold appointed him the Minister of Tuscany at Malta.

A machine has been invented for sweeping chimnies; it consists of a number of wooden tubes, of about thirty inches long, and three quarters of an inch in diameter, which run on a rope or cord, and fasten into one another to any length. To the upper tube is fastened a square brush, the block of which is about six long by three wide, and from it, on all sides, issues heath, broom, or any other stiff but flexible substance, large enough to fill the breadth of the chimney. From the shortness of the tubes, the joints between each will bend to the most crooked chimney, and in coming down must clear out the corners, ledges, &c. which are sometimes found in chimnies. In the course of the present month a person has, in the presence of many respectable witnesses, effectually cleansed several lofty and crooked chimnies. A chimney fifty feet high may be swept in six or eight minutes, and with much less dirt than happens by the common mode.

Garnerin is patronized by the King of Prussia, in his aerial projects at Berlin. His Majesty has subscribed 100 guineas on the occasion.

Several gentlemen of New York have formed an association for the purpose of establishing in that city an Academy of Arts. This institution is like-

ly to be attended with many beneficial consequences. It will tend to produce a taste for whatever is elegant, and to afford to the growing wealth of the United States one of the most legitimate uses to which it can be applied, the patronage and encouragement of the Arts. The reputation of the country is closely connected with every thing that may introduce within it a germ of those arts so highly cultivated in Europe, but not yet planted there—if properly fostered, there is every reason to believe that the climate will not be less favourable to their growth than that in which they have heretofore flourished, and that the American Republic, like those of Greece and Rome, will prove another honourable and instructive example of the intimate connexion of freedom with the arts—of science with civil liberty.

*Cambridge, April* 8.—The Norrisian Prize is this year adjudged to Mr. James Wilding, B. A. of Magdalen college, for his essay on the following subject:—" What are the causes that Christianity spread itself so much in the ages immediately succeeding the age of the Apostles, and so little since?"

The subject of the poem for Mr. Seaton's prize for the present year, is, " Christ raising Jarius's daughter."

BIRTH.

Mrs. Thompson, wife of Benjamin Thompson, Esq. of Nottingham, of a daughter.

MARRIED,

Lord Montgomery, eldest son of the Earl of Eglingtoun, to Lady Mary Montgomery. By this union, large family estates will be reunited in one person. Captain Edward Brenton of the Royal Navy, to Miss Cox, daughter of the late General Thomas Cox. John Dick, Esq. Captain in the Royal Navy, to Miss Augusta Goodrich, second daughter of Bartlet Goodrich, Esq. of Saling Grove, in that county. Lately, at Lord Whitworth's Chapel in Paris, Lambton Este, Esq. to Miss Smyth, daughter of the late Sir Robert Smyth, Bart. At Lydeard St. Laurence, near Taunton, Sir John Lester, to Miss Russell. At St. James's Church, John Leach, Esq. to Miss Julia Rush, second daughter of Sir W. Beaumaurice Rush. On the 22d March, Edmund Turnor, Esq. to Miss D. Tucker, third daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Tucker.

DIED,

On the 7th April, at the age of 63, Benjamin Blaydes Thompson, Esq. of Hull and Eastdale in the East Riding of Yorkshire. He was a Deputy Lieutenant for that Riding, and an alderman of Hull, for which place he had twice served the office of mayor. He enjoyed the highest esteem as a man, a merchant, and a magistrate, though his bad state of health had, for some years, made him less active in the last capacity than he had been during the former period of his life. He was a man of strong intellect, benevolent disposition, and scrupulous integrity; and passed through life justly respected and beloved by a very extensive circle of acquaintance. On Thursday evening, March 31, at her father's house in Great Marlborough-street, of a decline, Miss Siddons, eldest daughter of Mrs. Siddons,

of Drury-Lane Theatre. At her seat at Bounds, near Tunbridge Wells, in the 56th year of her age, the Dowager Countess of Darnley. In the 82d year of his age, the Hon. Everard Arundell, uncle to Lord Arundell, of Wardour, and Count of the Sacred Roman Empire. At his parsonage house in New Brentford, the Rev. John Randall, in the 62d year of his age, who had been Minister of that Chapel 25 years. Lately, in Montpelier-place, near the Black Rock, Dublin, James Sweetman, Esq. Barrister at Law; in attempting to draw the charge of his musket, it unfortunately went off, and the contents entering his breast, he instantly expired. Theophilus Davye Garencieres, Esq. apothecary, and one of the Aldermen of York. He was the last of the male line of one of the Chaplains to William the Conqueror, who came over with him to this kingdom. At Green, near Dornock Mr. George Wishart, aged 64. His father, Thomas Wishart, was 100 years old when George was born, and died at the age of 125.—In Piccadilly, in the 74th year of his age, the Right Hon. Sir Wm. Hamilton, K. B. He had been ill about a fortnight. He retained his faculties to the last, and expired without a groan. At Burton-Pynsent, Somersetshire, in the 83d year of her age, the Right Hon. the Countess Dowager of Chatham, relict of the late great Lord Chatham, and mother to the present Earl, and the Right Hon. William Pitt. In Wimpole-street, Lady Frances Williams Wynn, in the 86th year of her age, relict of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. Lately, at his house, at Chiswick, the Hon. T. Walpole, in the 76th year of his age. At his seat at Twinsted Hall, near Sudbury as he was sitting in his chair, at the advanced age of 72, Sir James Marriott, many years Member for Sudbury, late Judge of the Admiralty Court, and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. In the 75th year of his age, in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, Edward Leeds, Esq. one of the Masters of the Court of Chancery. At Hamburgh, on the 14th March, in the 79th year of his age, the celebrated Poet Klopstock, the author of the Messiah. Suddenly, as he was drinking his coffee in the evening, Mr. Samuel Bently, of Uttoxeter, aged 81; a gentleman well known by his many poetical productions. At Islington, William Young, Esq. Brewer; his death so deeply affected his father, John Young, Esq. of Clapham, that he survived him only three days. At Hammersmith, aged 61, Dr. George Young, Physician to his Majesty's Hospitals in the West Indies. At her seat, in Warwickshire, Lady Andover. Her Ladyship was in her 87th year, and had lived secluded from the society of all but her relations and most intimate friends, for the last twenty years. She has died immensely rich in landed and personal property; the latter is supposed to exceed 300,000l. In George-street, Hanover-square, aged 73, Mrs. Lowth, relict of the late Lord Bishop of London, only daughter and heiress of Lawrence Jackson, Esq. of Christchurch, in the county of Southampton. In the 55th year of his age, the Rev. Dr. Layard, Dean of Bristol At Edinburgh, the Earl of Dumfries, in the 77th year of his age. At Holton Park, Oxfordshire, aged 24, the Hon. Mrs. Parker, wife of Colonel Parker, brother to the Earl of Macclesfield. At his house, near Reading, after a short illness, Admiral Sir Thomas Rich, Bart.